

# DOLL MAN

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WINTER ISSUE  
No. 15

*Quarterly*

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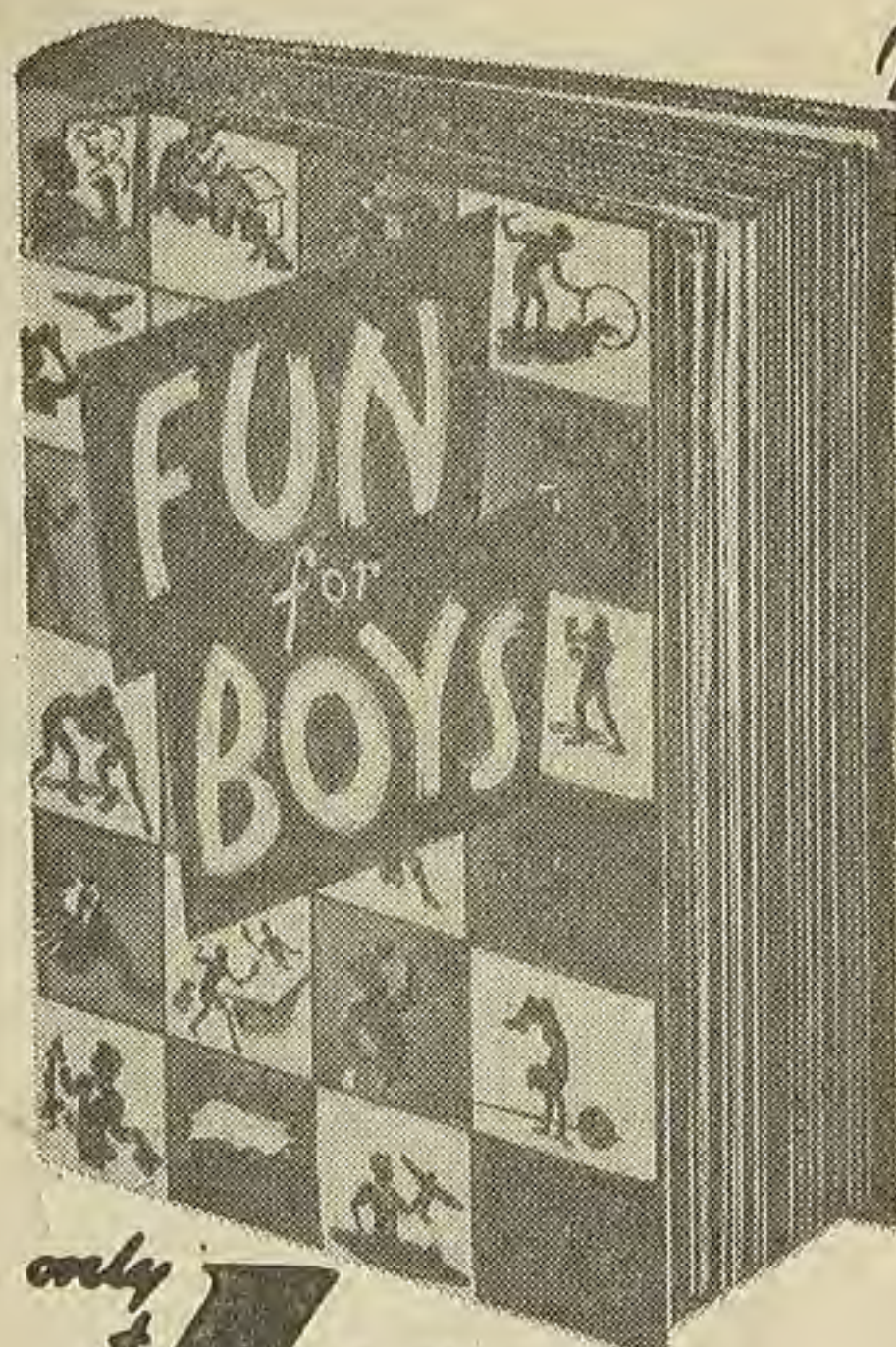
*The* **DOLL  
MAN  
FACES  
DANGER!**





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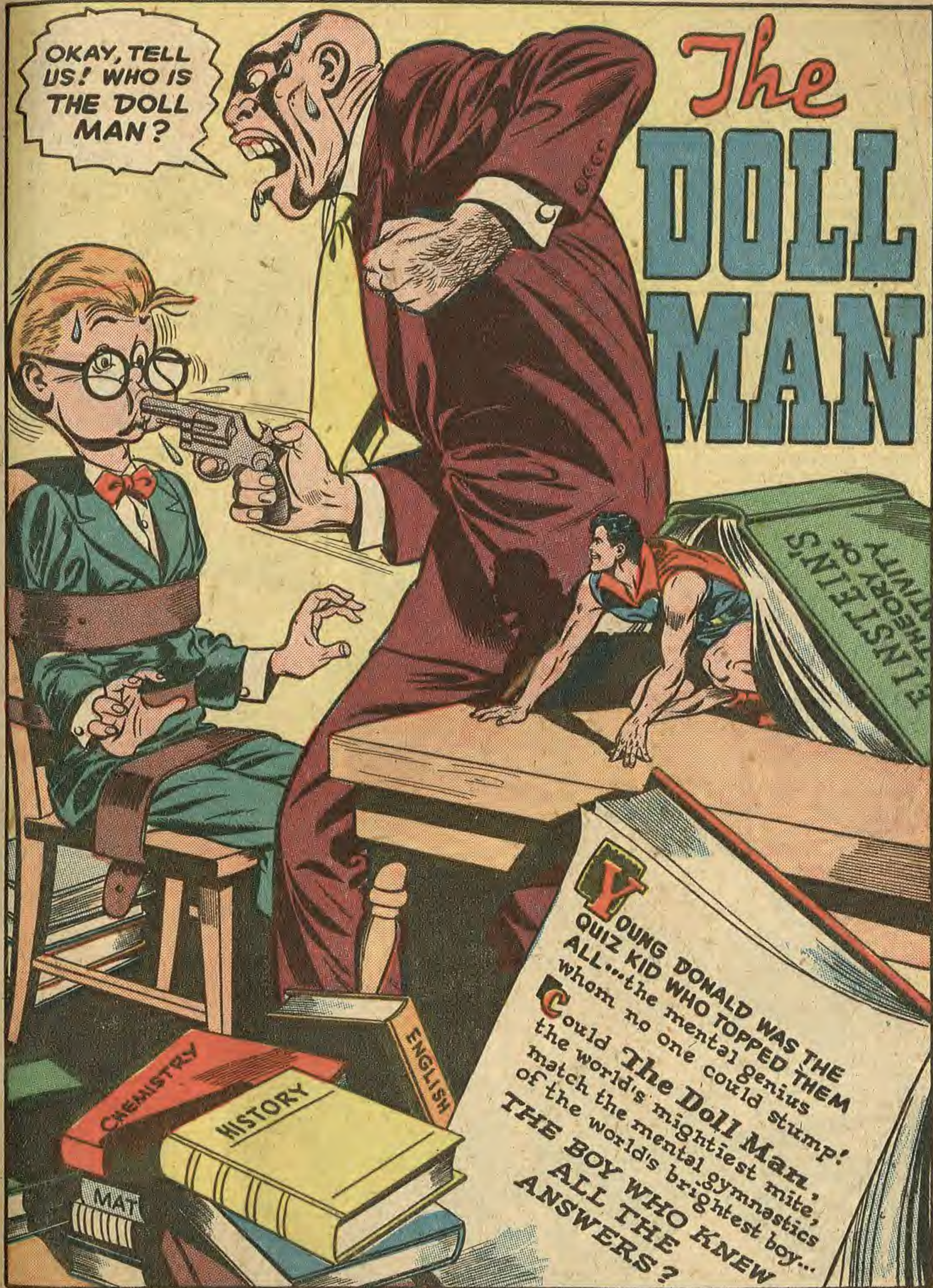
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OKAY, TELL  
US! WHO IS  
THE DOLL  
MAN?

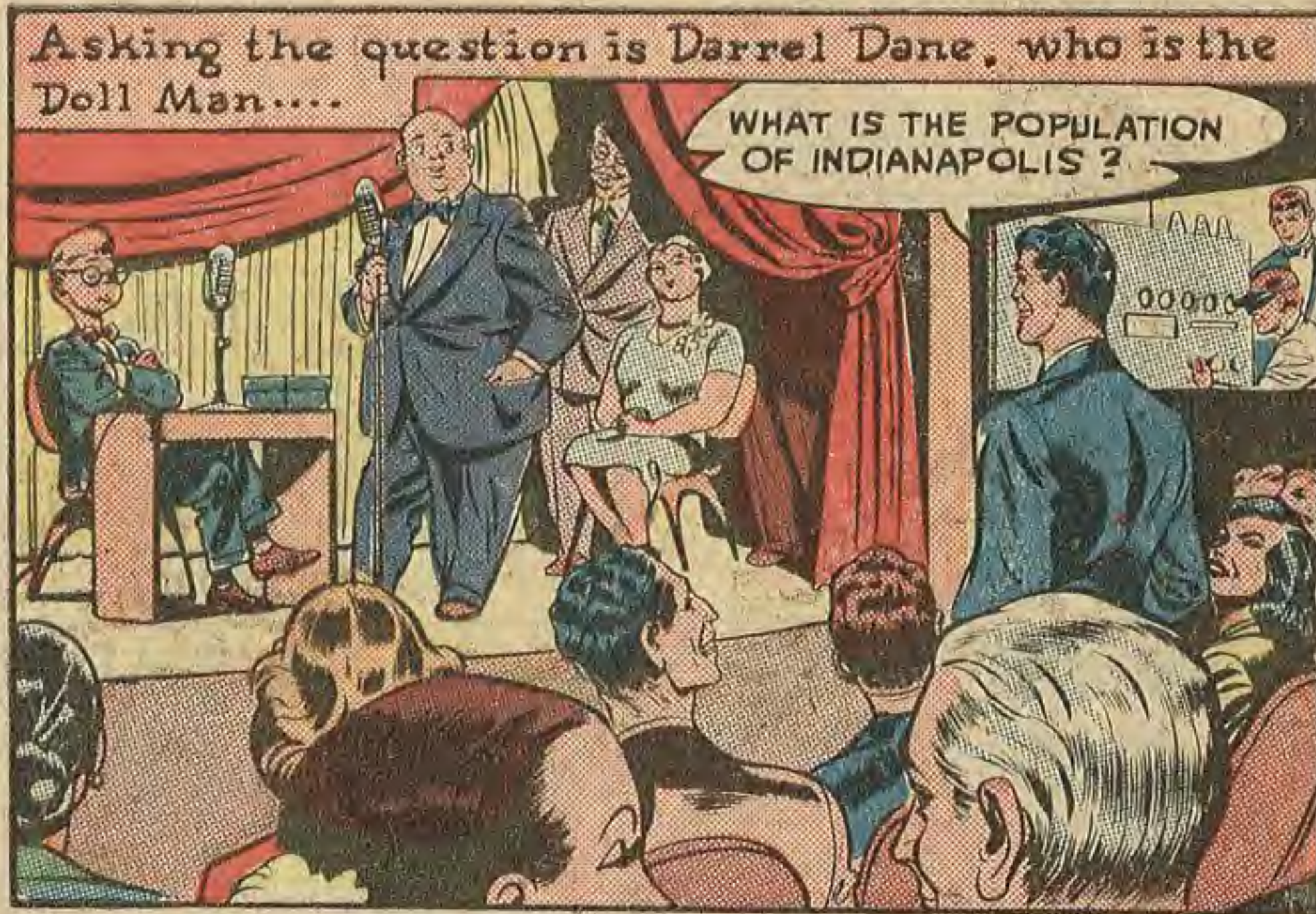
# The DOLL MAN



**Y**OUNG DONALD WAS THE  
QUIZ KID WHO TOPPED THEM  
ALL...the mental genius  
whom no one could stump!  
**C**ould **The Doll Man**,  
the world's mightiest mite,  
match the mental gymnastics  
of the world's brightest boy...  
**THE BOY WHO KNEW  
ALL THE ANSWERS?**



Asking the question is Darrel Dane, who is the Doll Man....



WHAT IS THE POPULATION OF INDIANAPOLIS?

386,972!

THANK YOU, DONALD? ANY MORE QUESTIONS FOLKS?



DON'T FORGET THAT ULOVE SOAP FLAKES OFFERS TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH TO ANYONE WHO STUMPS DONALD, THE BOY WHO KNOWS ALL THE ANSWERS!



AS LONG AS THE ANSWER CAN BE FOUND IN YOUR ENCYCLOPEDIA, YOU CAN ASK ANYTHING YOU LIKE! WHO'S NEXT, FOLKS?



SORRY! YOU CAN'T GO IN! THE PROGRAM HAS STARTED!

BUT WE'VE GOT A SPECIAL PASS!



THIS!

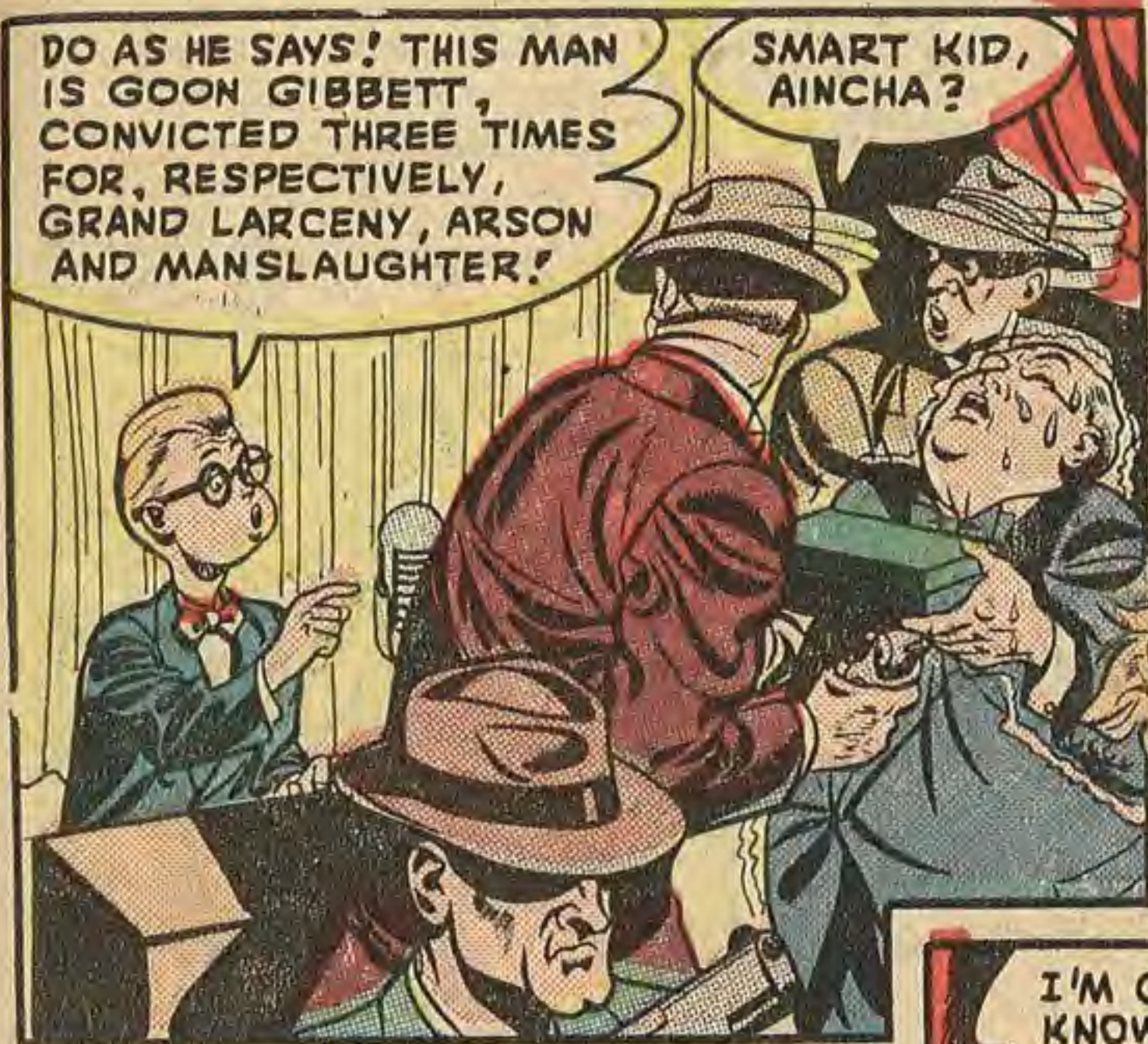
UHH!

HAND OVER THAT TEN GRAND... AND BE QUICK ABOUT IT!

BUT.. BUT..





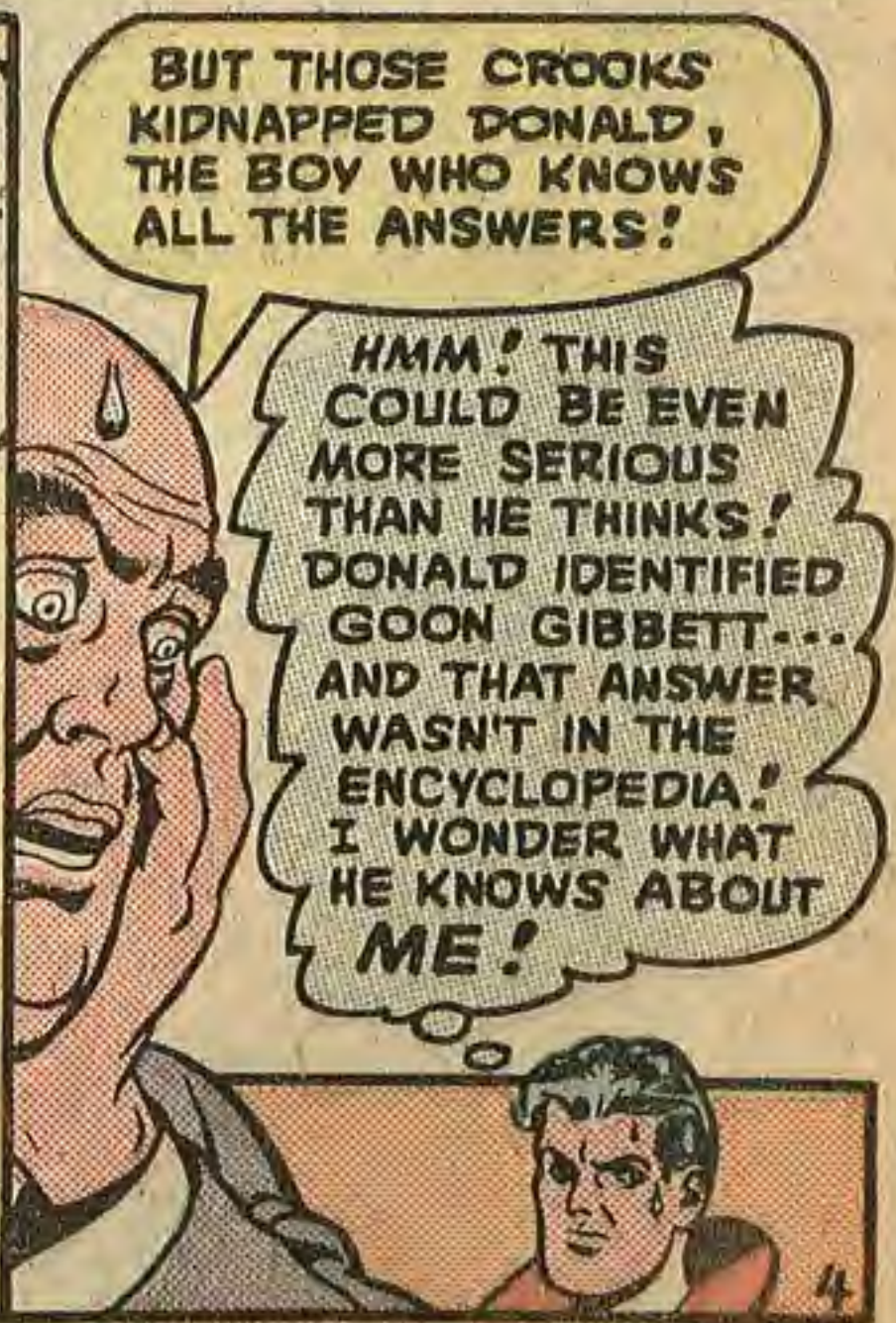






The crashing microphone pins the Doll Man beneath it!

**CRASH!**





At Goon Gibbett's headquarters...

THIS IS THE THIRD FLOP YOU ENGINEERED FOR US, GOON! WE GOT A GOOD MIND TO QUIT YA!

IF YOU DO, YOU'LL BE WALKING OUT ON A GOLD MINE!

WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER OF YOUR BRIGHT SCHEMES, LIKE ROBBIN' THAT RADIO STATION?

DON'T BE A SAP, YOU SAP! I'M TALKING ABOUT THE KID!

FROM NOW ON, HE'S WORKING FOR US! HE'S THE BRAINS OF THIS GANG! AND HE'LL GIVE US THE RIGHT ANSWERS... OR ELSE!

GULP!

DO WE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER?

Y-Y-YES, S-SIR!

OKAY, THEN! FREE HIS HANDS! HE'S GONNA WRITE DOWN INSTRUCTION'S ON HOW TO ROB THE MERCHANT'S NATIONAL BANK!

Later, in the Merchant's National Bank basement...

WE'RE FROM THE COAL COMPANY! WE GOT AN ORDER TO DELIVER TEN TONS OF COAL!

THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE!

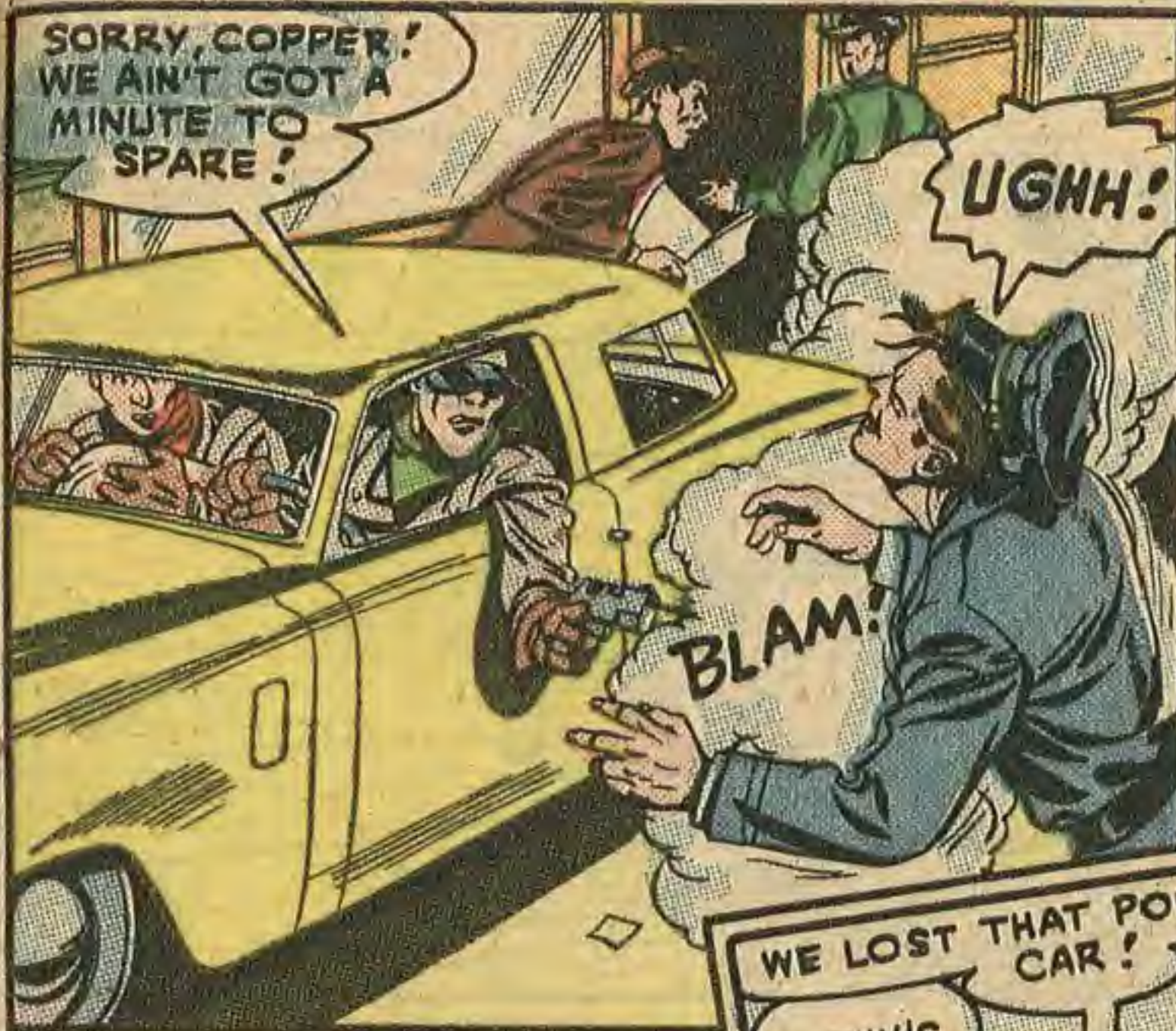
WE'VE PLENTY OF COAL! COME WITH ME AND I'LL SHOW... UGHHH!











The eerie wailing of the siren reaches Darrel Dane on a street corner...



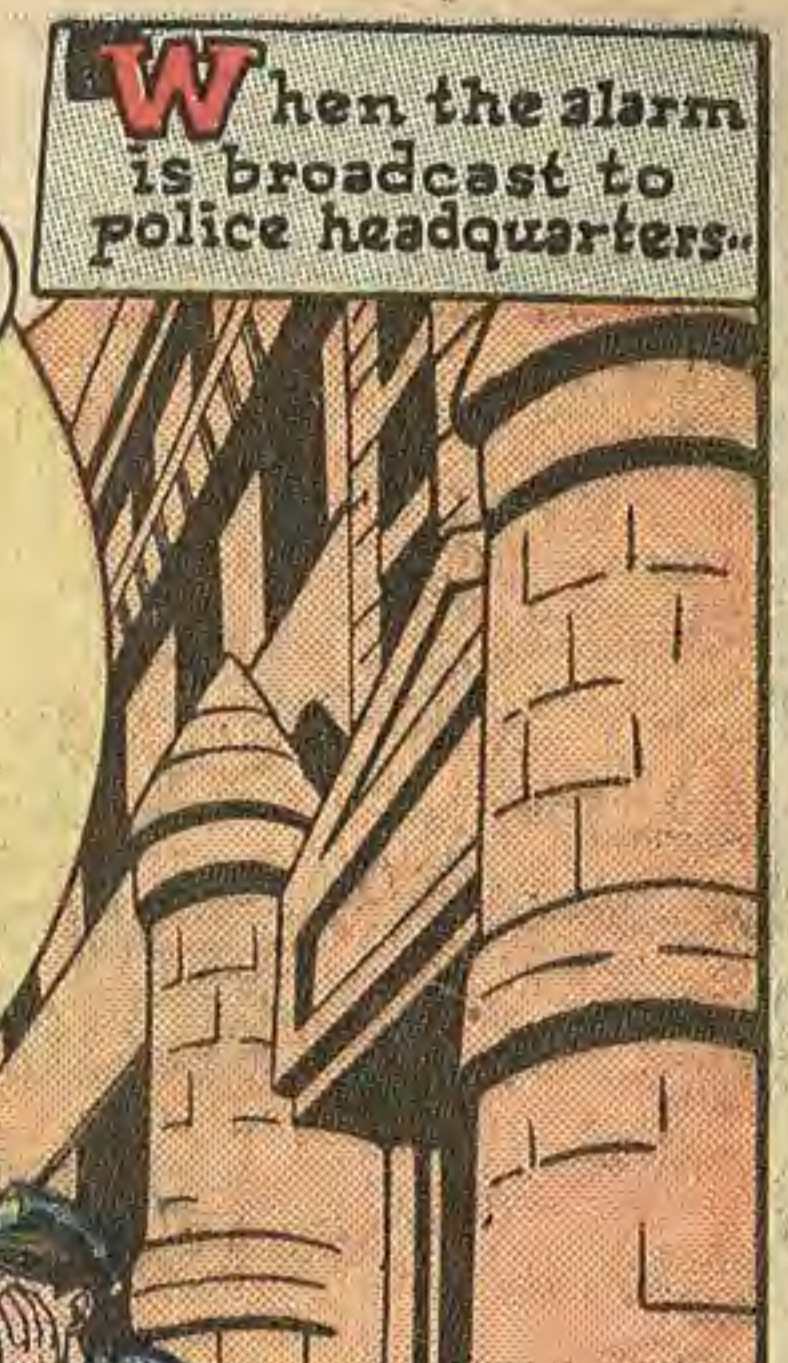
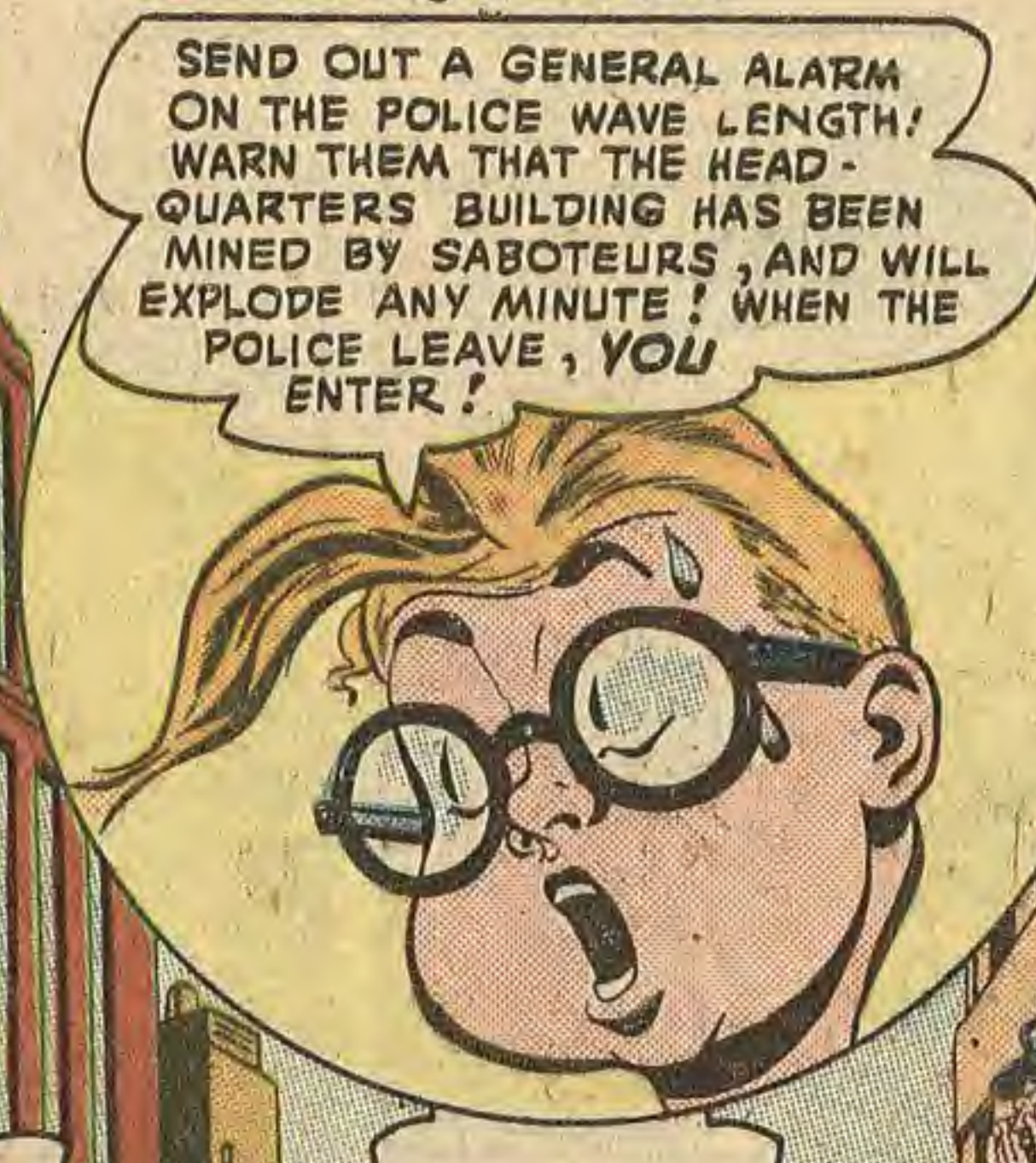
But Darrel Dane is now the Doll Man, having changed instantly as the car reached him...

















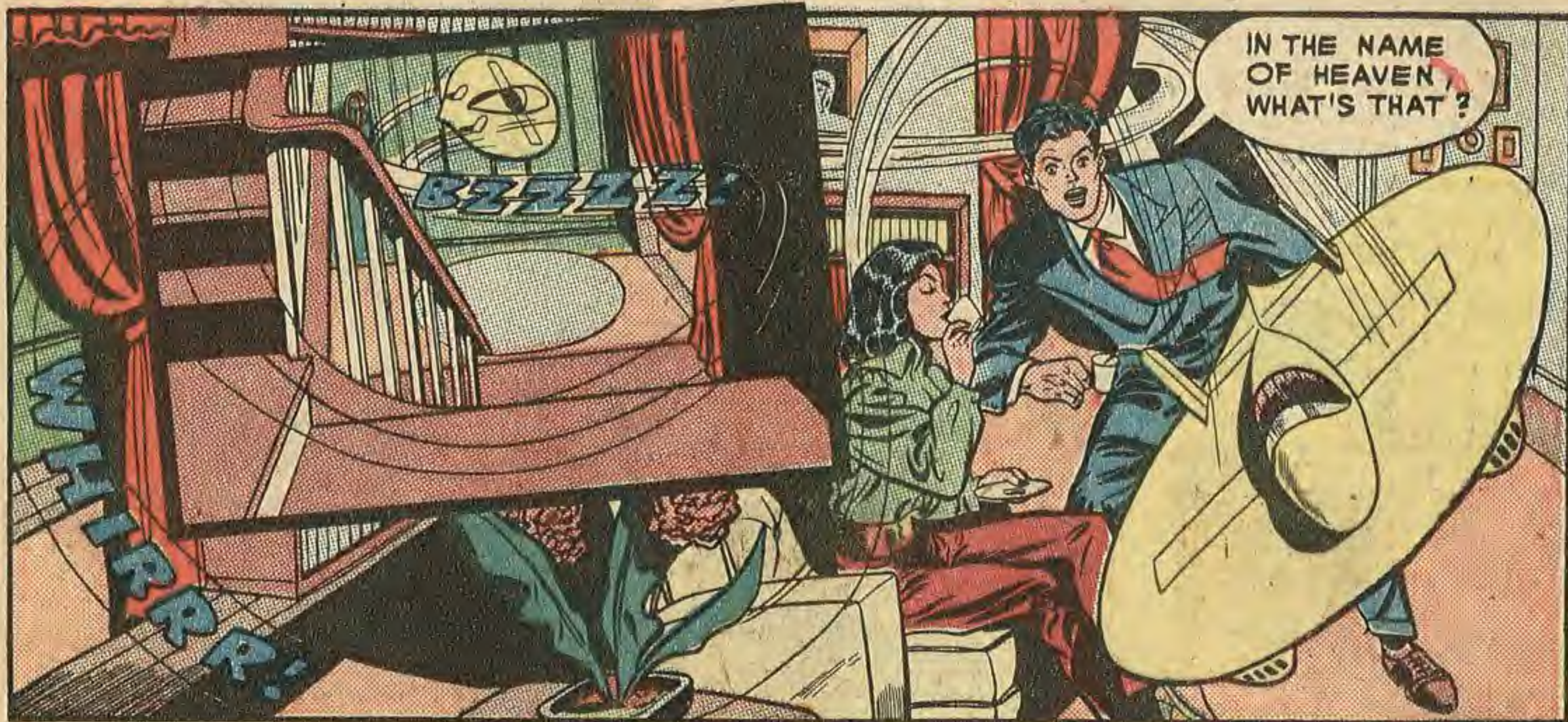






**T**HE MAN IN THE IRON MASK! Through the corridors of time we hear again his heavy footsteps, as a modern counterpart re-enacts his tragic role! Whose is the face behind the mask of metal? What is his ghastly secret? *The DOLL MAN*, world's mightiest mite, attempts to penetrate the mystery, and reveal the enigmatic identity of *The MAN IN THE IRON MASK!*







Only Dr Roberts and his daughter Martha know that Darrel Dane is the **DOLL MAN**! Later, in the privacy of his own room, Darrel concentrates his power of will to compress the molecules of his body...

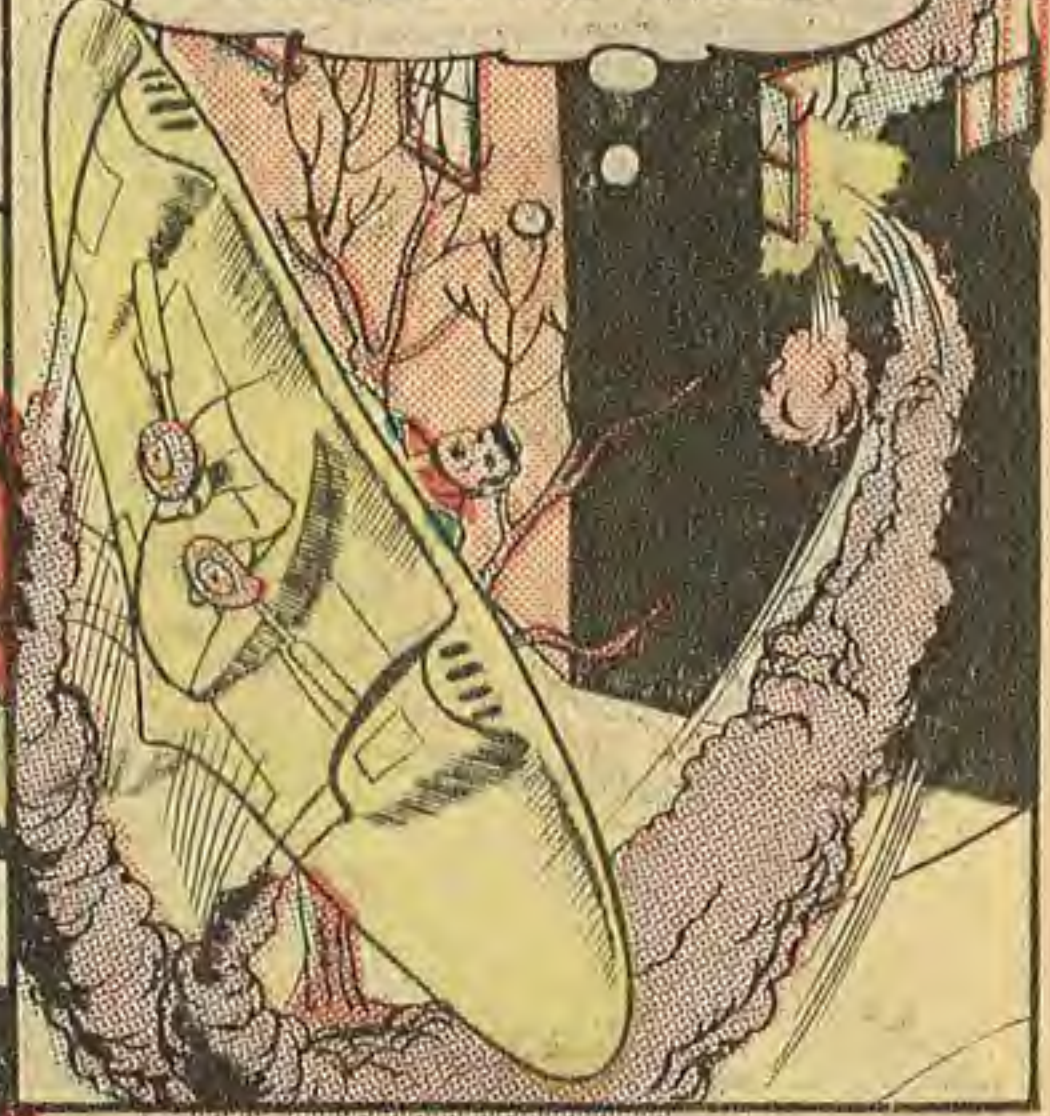


...and quickly becomes **THE DOLL MAN**!

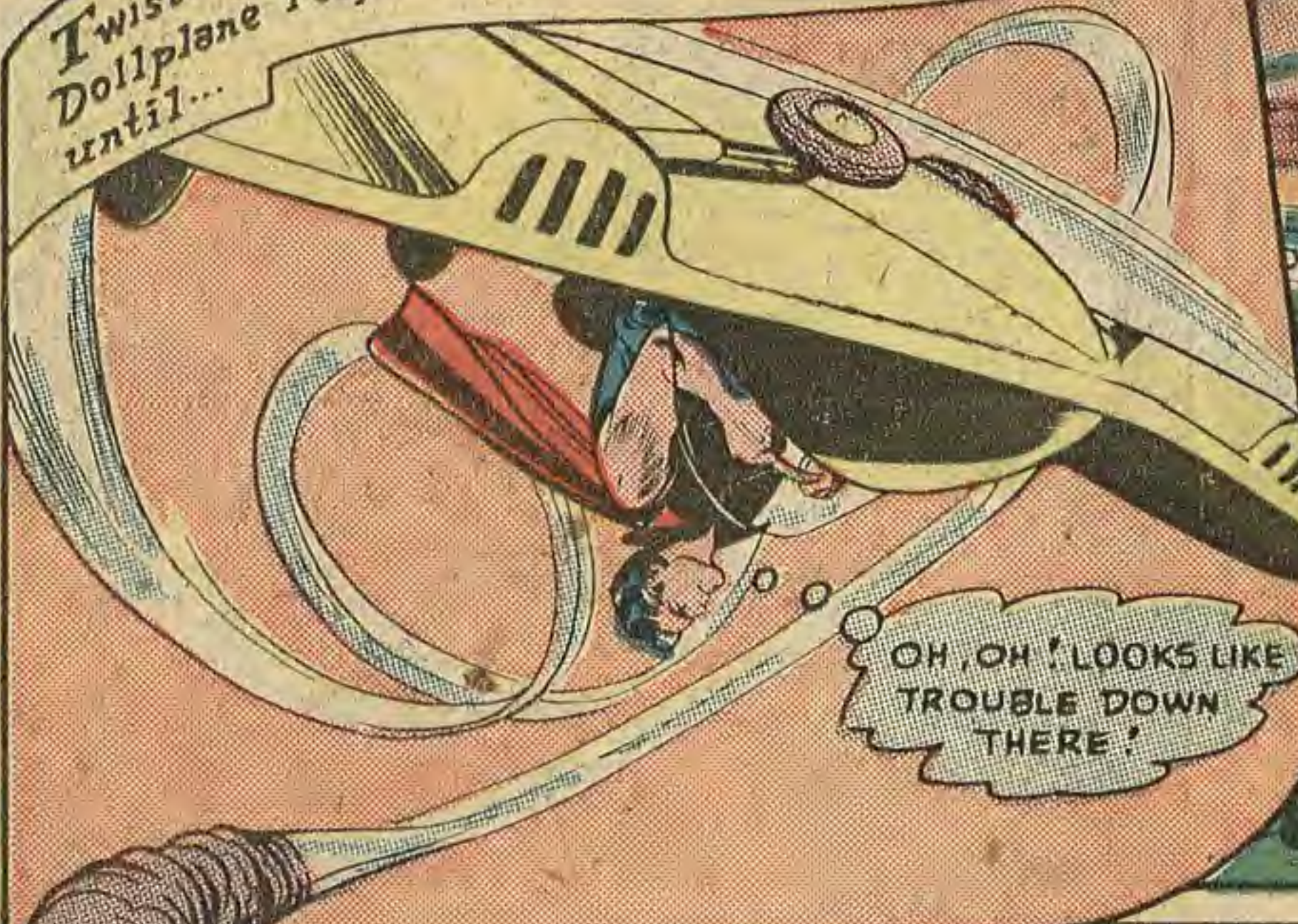
MY OWN PLANE!  
I CAN HARDLY  
WAIT TO TRY IT!



IT REALLY WORKS! I FEEL  
JUST LIKE A KID WITH A NEW  
TOY! I'LL PUT THIS PLANE  
THROUGH ITS PACES!



Twisting and turning like a dervish, the Dollplane responds perfectly to every test, until...



THE COPS ARE CHASING  
SOMEONE IN THAT  
BLACK SEDAN!



**BANG!**

OH, OH! LOOKS LIKE  
TROUBLE DOWN  
THERE!

BLAST THOSE  
COPS! THEY SAW  
ME RUN DOWN THAT  
GUY AT THE INTER-  
SECTION! BUT THEY  
WON'T PIN A BUM  
RAP ON DAN  
VITTORIO!



I'M TOO BIG A  
MAN TO....  
**EEEOWW!**

'WELL, WELL! DAN  
VITTORIO, THE GANG  
LEADER!







LOOK OUT!  
YOU'RE  
GOING TO...

**CRASH!!**

HE NEVER  
HAD A  
CHANCE!

EVEN IF HE WASN'T  
SCORCHED TO DEATH IN  
THE FLAMES, HE DROWNED  
AT THE RIVER BOTTOM!  
IT HAPPENED TOO  
FAST FOR ANYONE  
TO SAVE HIM!

**Later....**

WHAT A FINISH FOR  
DAN VITTORIO! AFTER  
THE CRIMES HE  
COMMITTED, HE GETS  
KILLED FLEEING THE  
SCENE OF A HIT-  
AND-RUN ACCIDENT!

IT'S A  
LUCKY  
BREAK  
FOR THE  
CITY,  
HOWEVER  
YOU FIGURE  
IT! VITTORIO  
WAS  
KINGPIN OF  
A BIG  
CRIME  
SYNDICATE!

NOW THAT HE'S GONE, IT  
SHOULDN'T BE MUCH TROUBLE  
BOWLING OVER FRANK MORBO  
AND THE REST OF HIS GANG!  
AS A MATTER OF FACT, I MAY  
GIVE IT MY PERSONAL  
ATTENTION!

SO WILL THE  
POLICE,  
DOLL MAN!



Half a mile further down the river, a blackened, burnt remnant of a man struggles painfully from the water...



THAT FELLOW'S HURT BAD! I'D BETTER HELP HIM TO MY COTTAGE! HE NEEDS LOOKING AFTER!



DON'T GET EXCITED, MISTER! YOU'RE STILL PRETTY WEAK! BUT YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT, WHEN I GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL!

NO!



I DON'T WANT TO GO TO A HOSPITAL! MY... ER... FRIENDS MUSTN'T FIND OUT ABOUT MY ACCIDENT! IT'S WORTH FIVE GRAND TO ME IF YOU'LL KEEP ME HERE AND NOT TELL ANYONE!

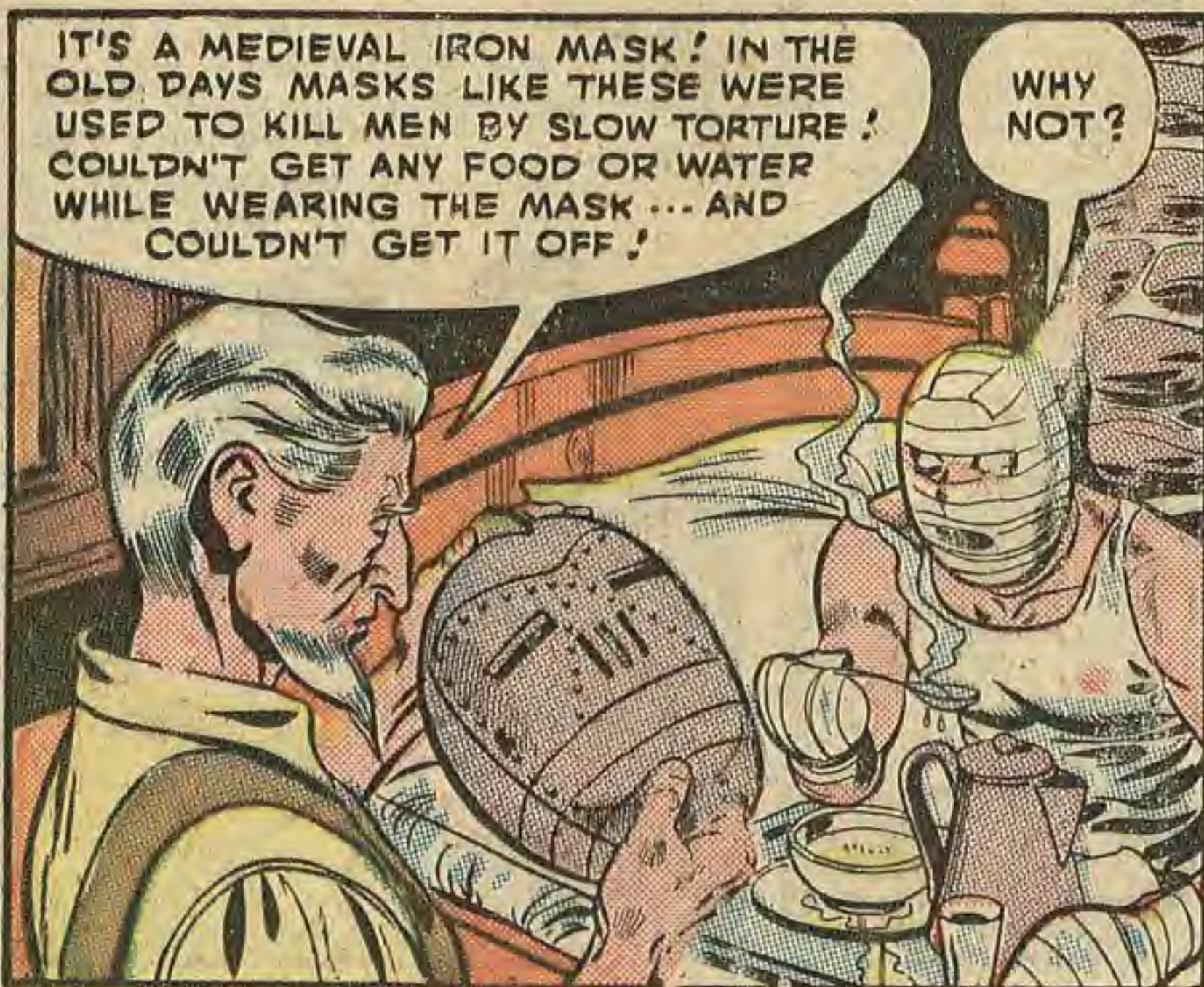
THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY! I'LL DO IT, MISTER, BUT IT'S AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGEMENT!

Several days later...



SITTING UP! THAT'S GOOD! IT MEANS YOU'RE FEELING BETTER!

YEAH! I'LL BE OKAY IN ANOTHER DAY OR SO! WHAT KIND OF A GADGET IS THIS?



IT'S A MEDIEVAL IRON MASK! IN THE OLD DAYS MASKS LIKE THESE WERE USED TO KILL MEN BY SLOW TORTURE! COULDN'T GET ANY FOOD OR WATER WHILE WEARING THE MASK... AND COULDN'T GET IT OFF!

WHY NOT?



THE MASK IS MADE IN TWO HINGED IRON SECTIONS! NEEDS A KEY TO UNLOCK IT! MAKING KEYS IS MY BUSINESS, BUT IT TOOK ME ALMOST **TWO MONTHS** TO MAKE ONE THAT'D FIT THIS LOCK!





SEE?

THOSE OLD GUYS HAD SOME INTERESTING IDEAS! I KNOW OF A COUPLE OF GUNSELS I'D LIKE TO SEE INSIDE **THAT** THING!



Meanwhile...

THE POLICE ARRESTED FOUR MORE MEMBERS OF DAN VITTORIO'S OLD GANG! THE CRIME SYNDICATE'S BREAKING UP FAST, NOW THAT ITS LEADER IS DEAD!

HIS CHIEF LIEUTENANT, FRANK MORBO, IS STILL AT LARGE, THOUGH!



HE MAY NOT BE FOR LONG! I'VE BEEN KEEPING AN EYE ON FRANK MORBO, AND IT'S ABOUT TIME THE DOLL MAN PAID HIM A VISIT!



TONIGHT'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO PAY A COURTESY CALL! YOU'LL... ER... EXCUSE ME, MARTHA?

GOOD HUNTING, DARREL!



At this moment, Dan Vittorio receives the shock of his life...

IT CAN'T BE! THIS ISN'T MY FACE!

I COULDN'T TELL YOU YOUR FACE WAS BURNED SO BAD--- THE SHOCK MIGHT HAVE KILLED YOU!



YOU OLD FOOL! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME THE WHOLE TRUTH? I'D RATHER BE DEAD THAN HAVE A FACE LIKE THIS!

YOU'RE... CHOKING ME!



I KILLED HIM... AND I'M GLAD! NO LIVING SOUL WILL KNOW HOW HORRIBLE I LOOK! FROM NOW ON, DAN VITTORIO BECOMES **THE IRON MASK!**

CLICK!



Later, in the crime headquarters of the syndicate ....

THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN GOING WELL FOR YOU, SINCE YOUR LEADER DIED! FROM NOW ON, I'LL BE YOUR LEADER! YOU'LL TAKE ORDERS ONLY FROM ME!

THAT VOICE! I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE! YOU'RE D...



YOU WERE A GOOD MAN, MORBO! I WOULD HAVE LIKED TO KEEP YOU WORKING FOR ME! BUT YOU TALK TOO MUCH!

ANYONE ELSE LIKE TO JOIN HIM? SPEAK UP! GUESS WHO I REALLY AM!

N-NOT ME!

AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, YOU'RE JUST A GUY IN AN IRON MASK!

THAT'S BETTER! THE PAST IS DEAD! FROM NOW ON, WE PLAN ONLY FOR THE FUTURE...

YOU HAVE NO FUTURE! WHY MAKE PLANS FOR IT?



THE DOLL MAN!

YOU'RE ALL WASHED UP, TINHEAD!

YOU KILLED MORBO AT THE WRONG TIME! YOU SHOULD HAVE LET HIM LIVE TO TAKE HIS MEDICINE...











THIS IS THE END OF THE CRIME SYNDICATE! WE'VE GOT 'EM DEAD TO RIGHTS!

WEEEE

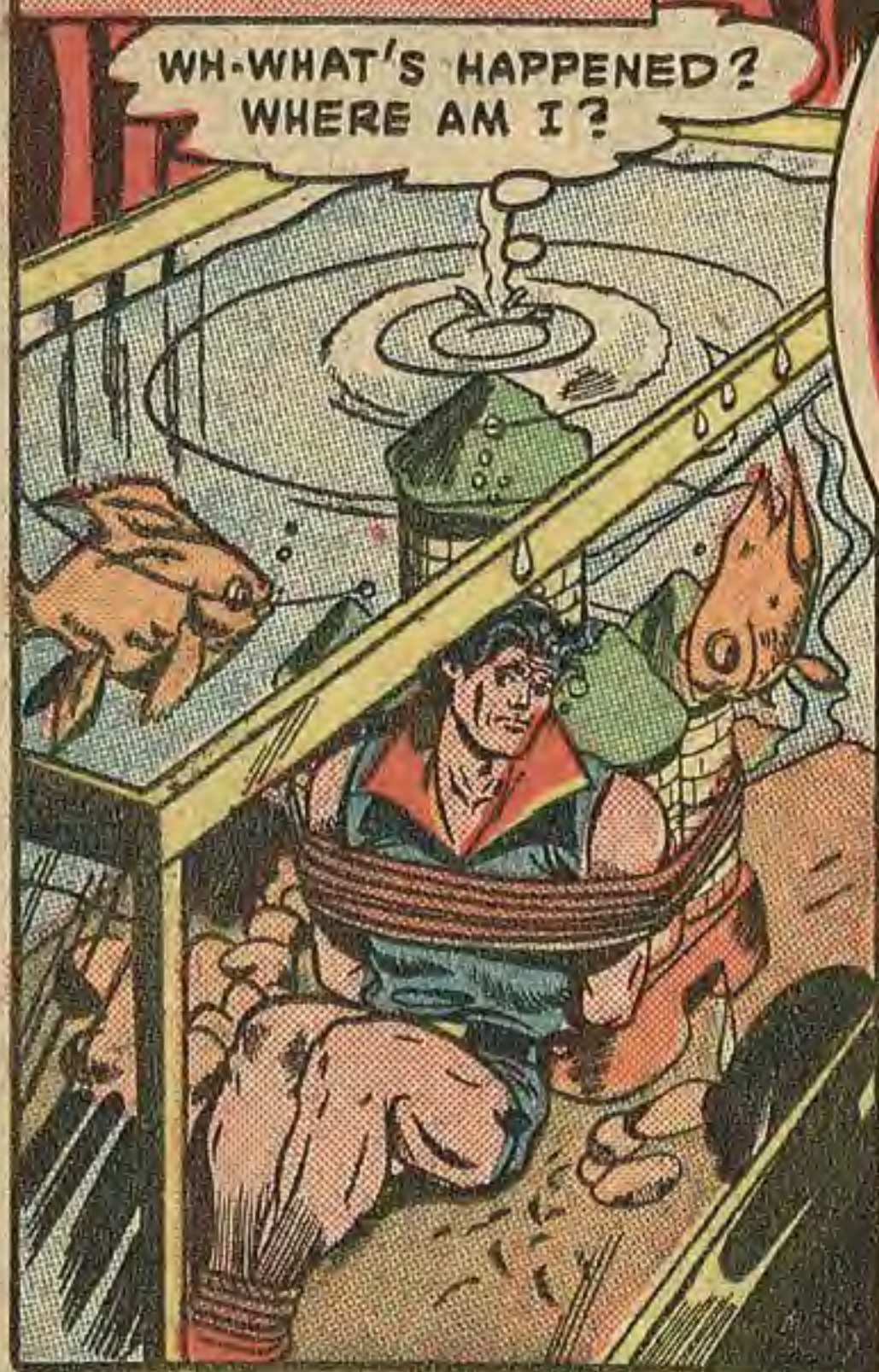
EEEEEE!

And at this very moment, the DOLL MAN is face to face with death...

WH-WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?

FAREWELL, DOLL MAN! I'LL LEAVE YOU TO THE... HA, HA, HA... FISHES! DEATH IN A GOLDFISH TANK IS A FITTING END FOR ONE SO SMALL!

I WOULD ENJOY WATCHING YOUR AGONY... BUT I HAVE A PREVIOUS APPOINTMENT! YOU SEE I'M GOING TO COLLECT SOME WALLPAPER! HA, HA, HA!



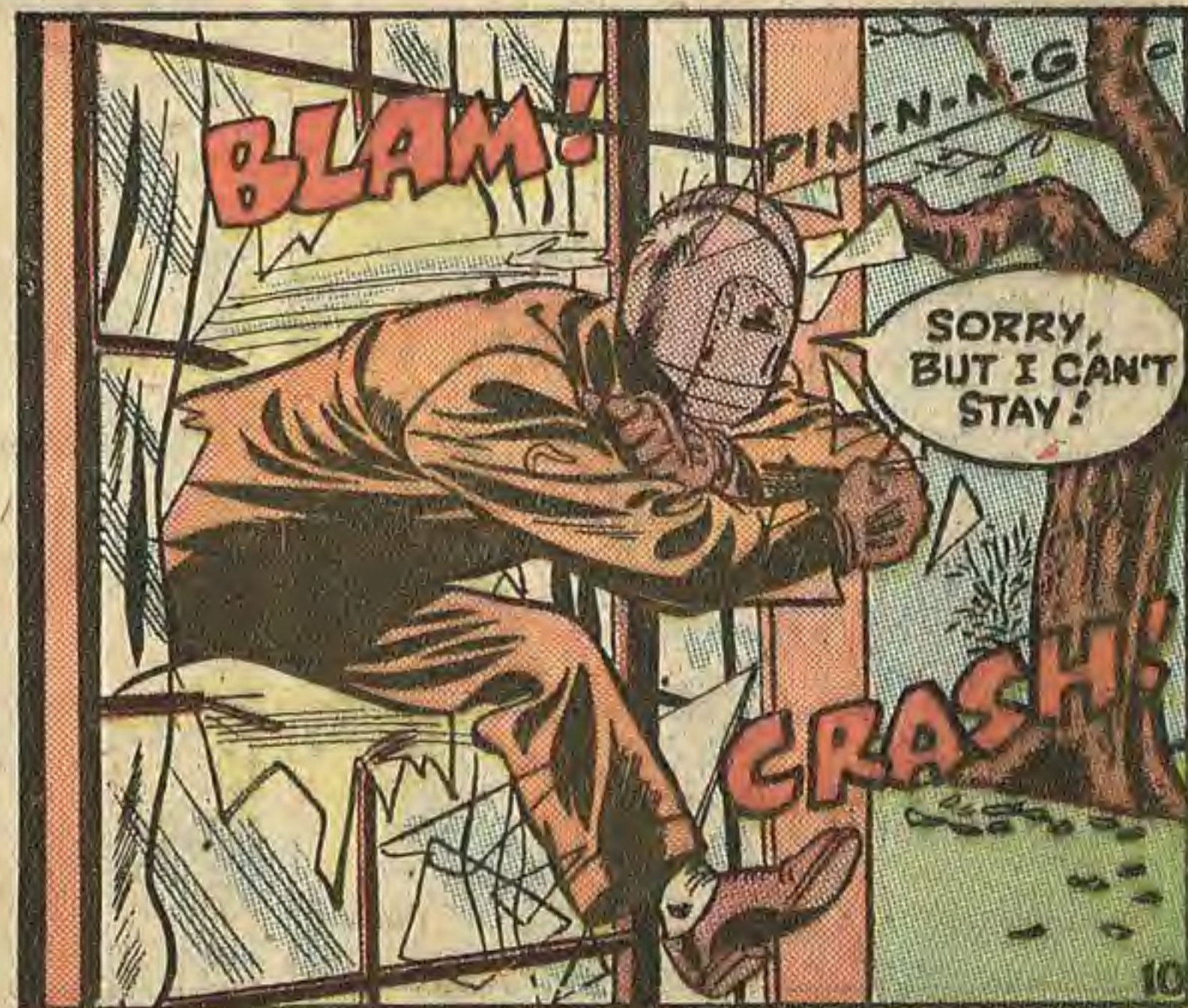
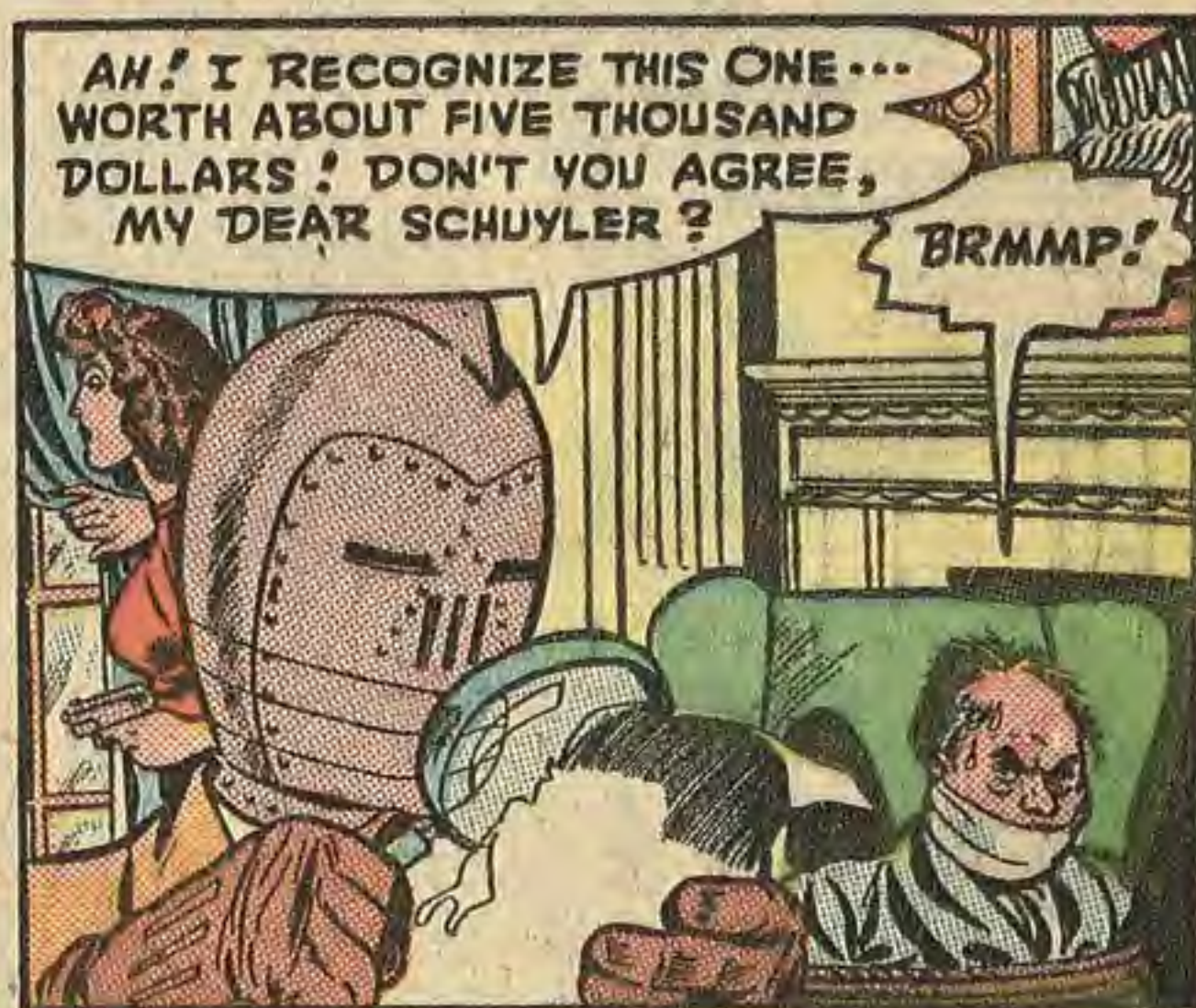
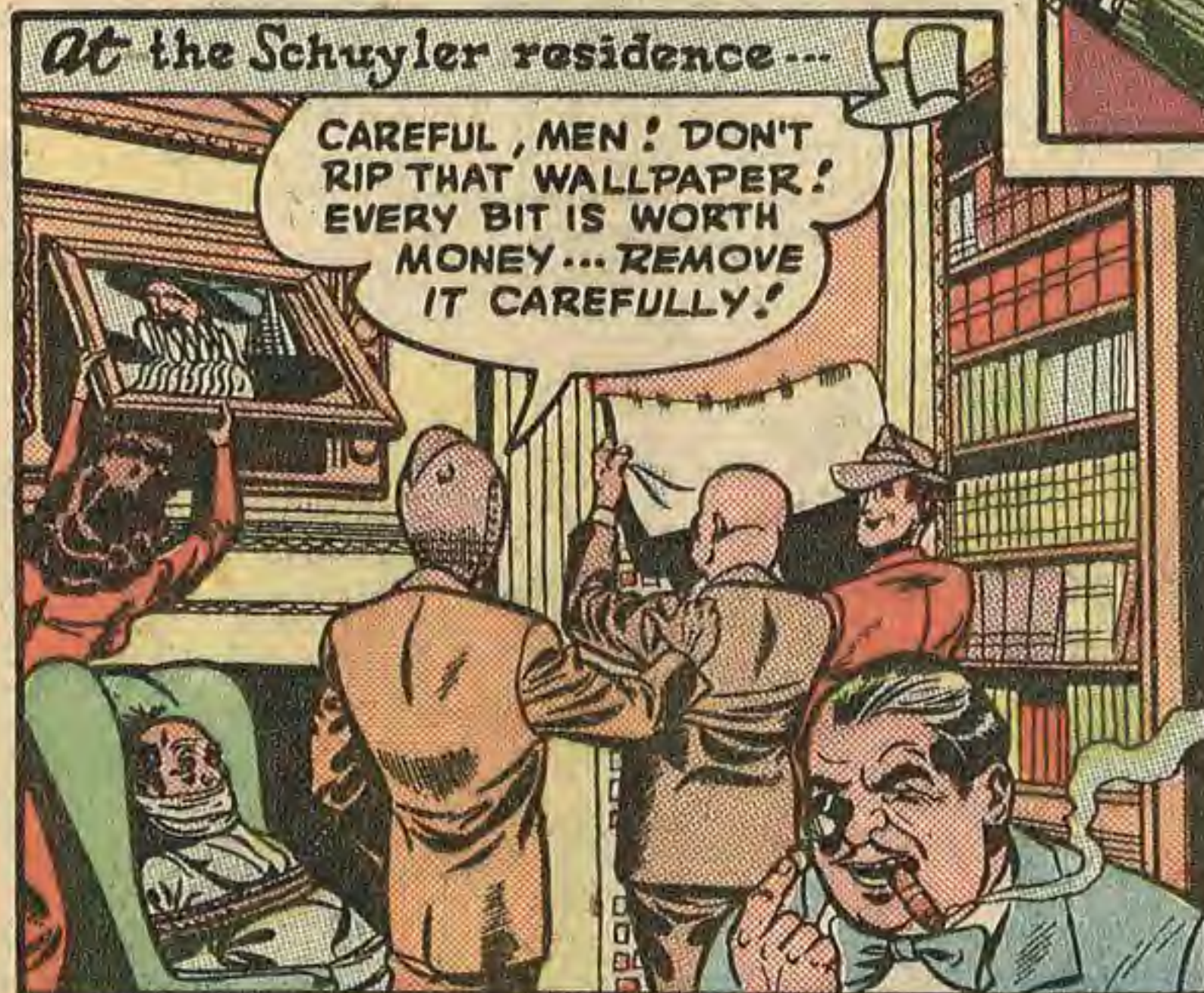
CAN'T LAST... ANOTHER MINUTE! I'VE GOT TO... WORK FAST! IF I CAN TIP THIS CASTLE BACKWARD...

CRASH!

IT WORKED! ENOUGH WATER POURED OUT TO BRING THE LEVEL DOWN! I CAN BREATHE AGAIN!



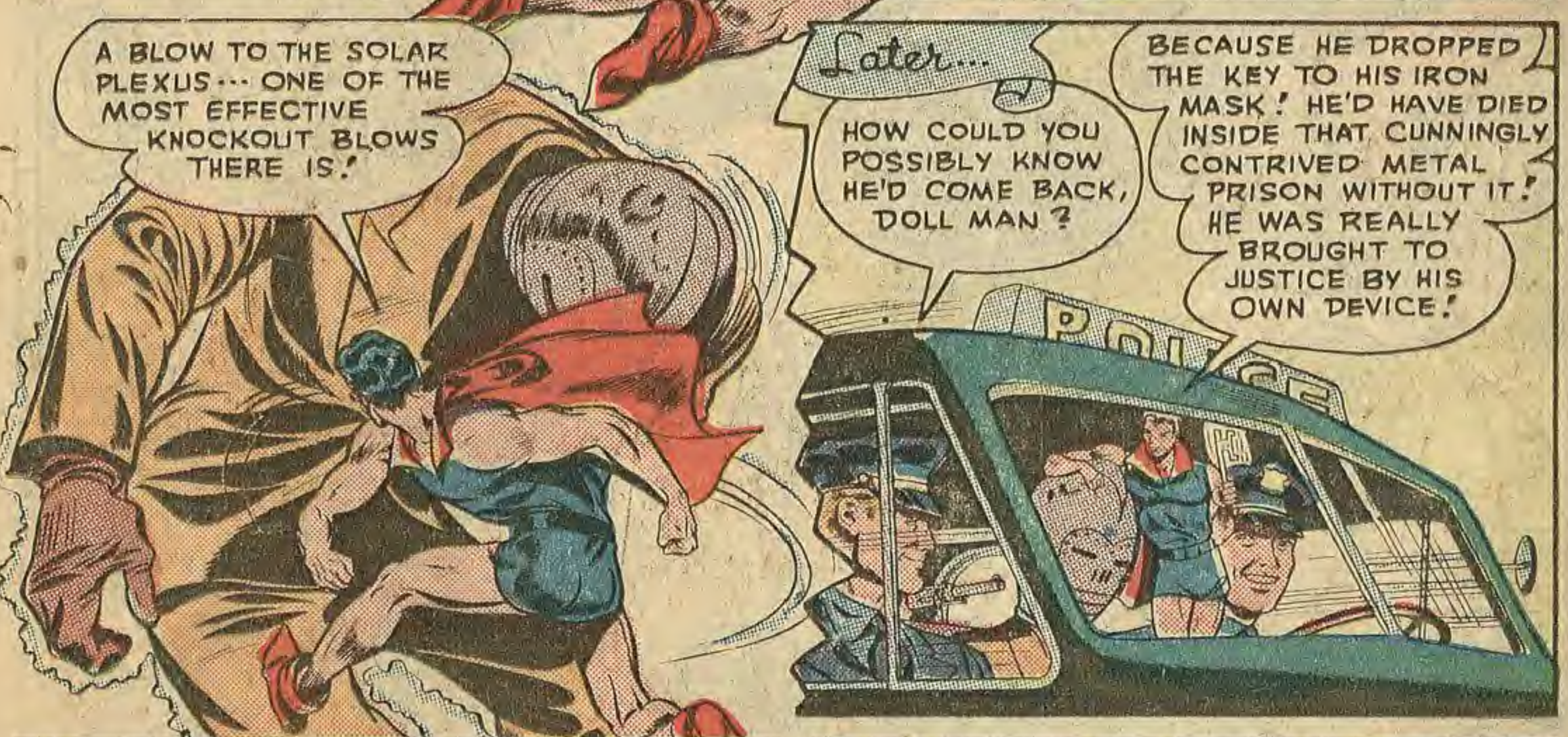




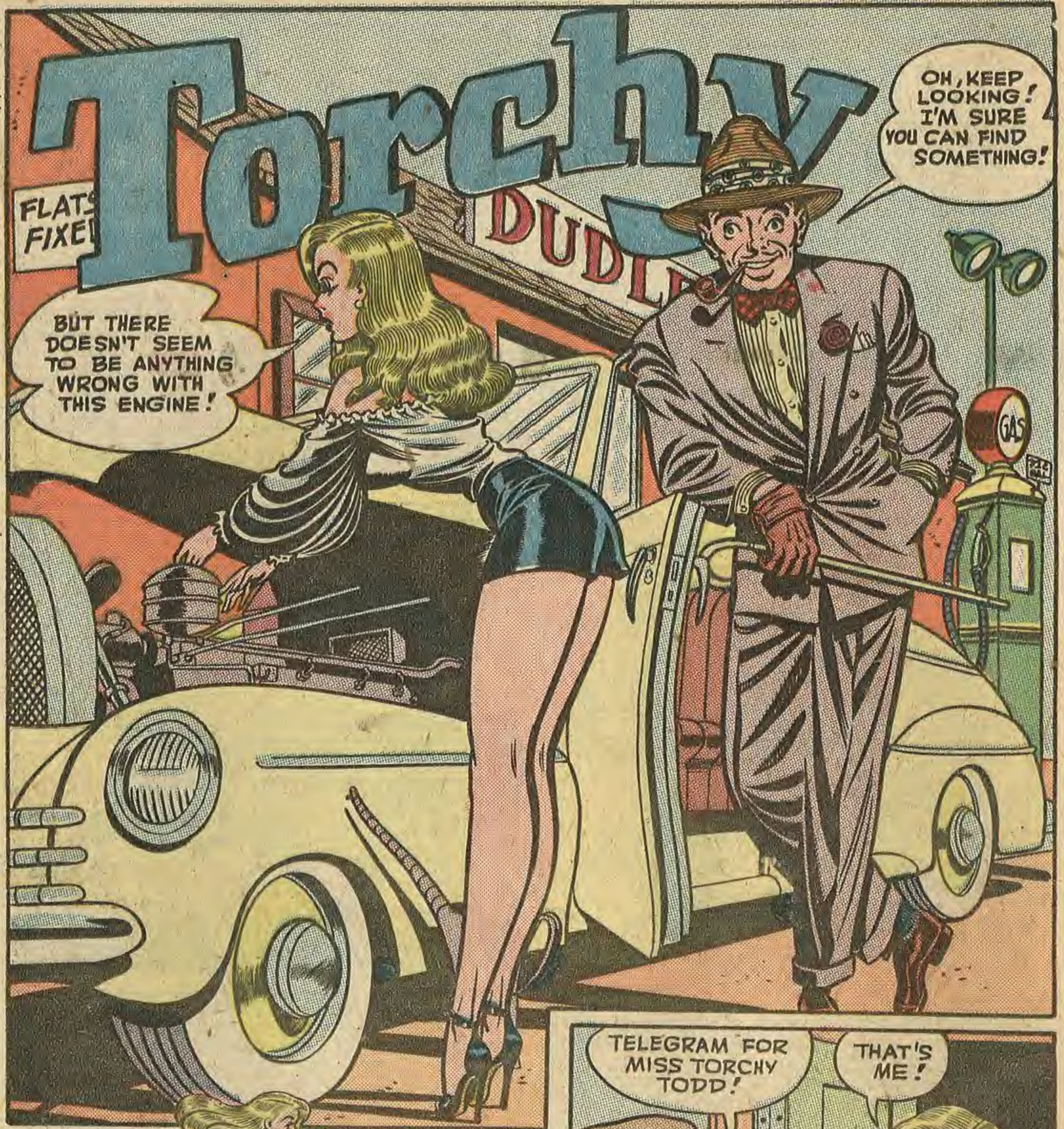












R-R-RING!







I WONDER WHO SENT IT!

THEY SAY IF YOU READ 'EM YOU CAN FIND OUT!

- TELEGRAM -  
AM SICK AND UNABLE TO RUN GAS STATION. FEAR COMPETITOR WILL TAKE OPPORTUNITY TO COMPLETELY RUIN ME. NEED HELP.  
UNCLE DUDLEY



POOR UNCLE DUDLEY! I'LL LEAVE FOR GRIPVILLE IMMEDIATELY!



UNCLE DUDLEY! YOU OLD DARLING!

TORCHY!

WHAT BOTHERS ME MOST IS WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE GAS STATION WHILE I'M SICK! Y'SEE, THAT DRATTED BIG DITSON GAS STATION ACROSS THE STREET'S KIND OF BEEN RUNNING ME INTO THE GROUND WITH A LOT OF UN-FAIR TRICKS!



POOR UNCLE DUDLEY! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

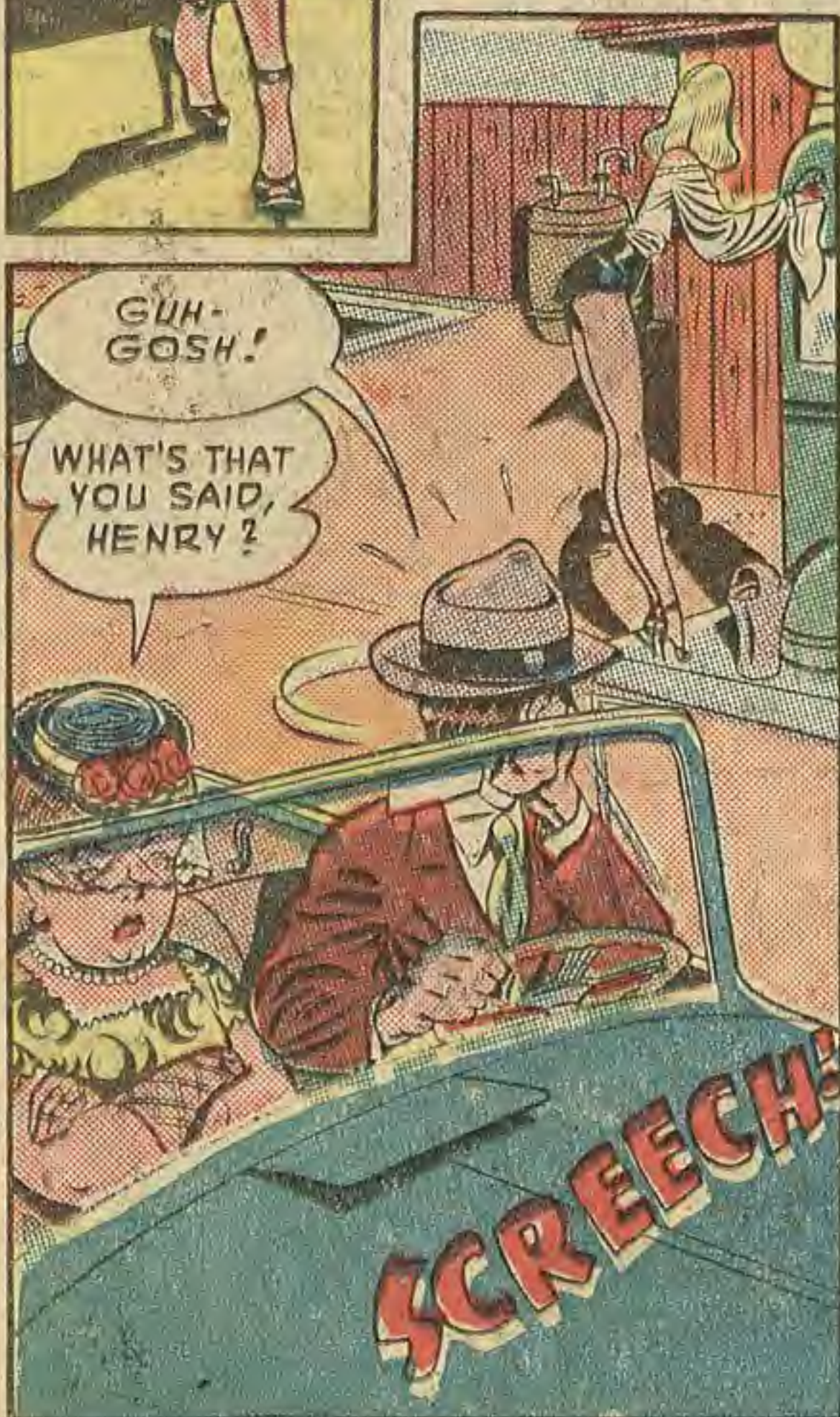
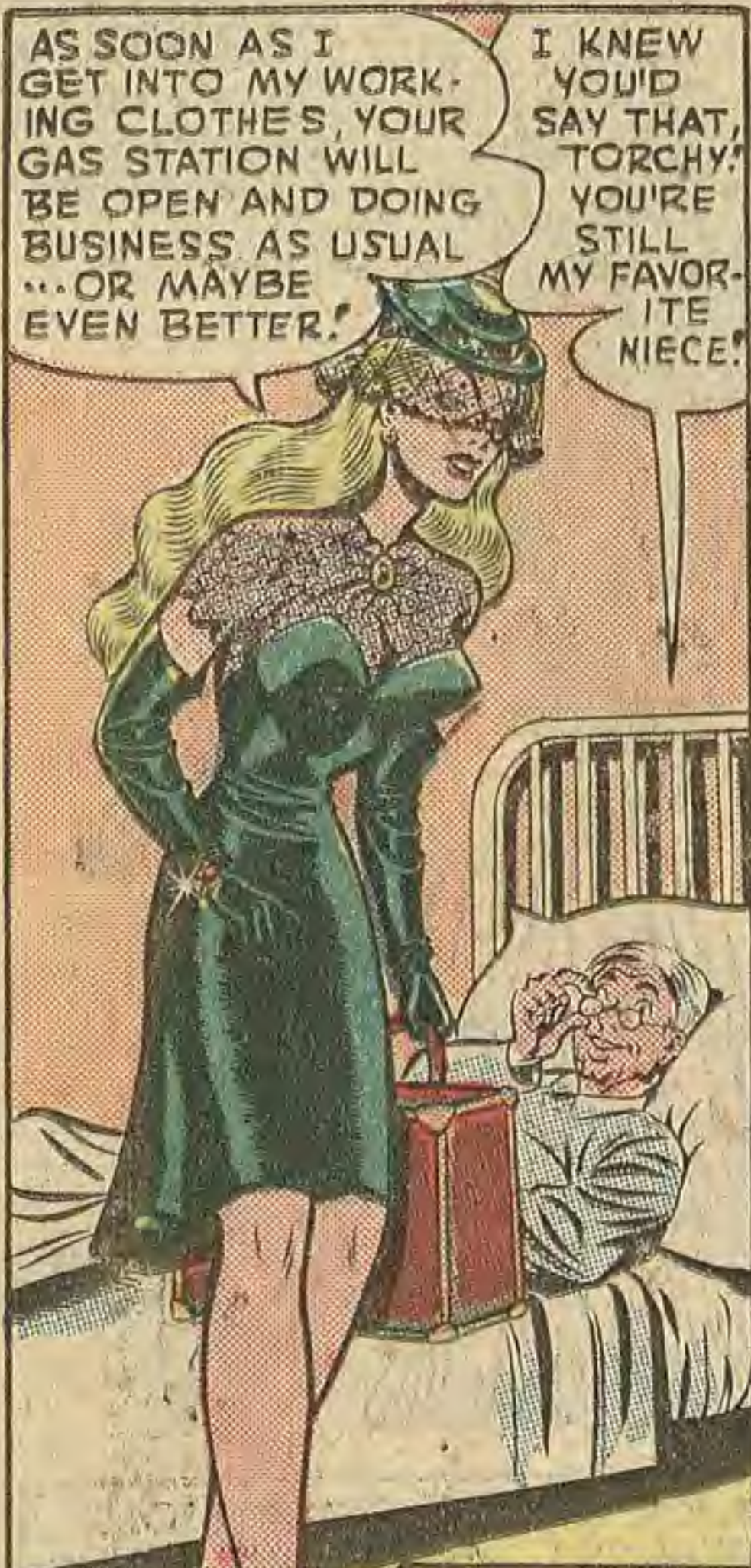
GETTING OLD, I GUESS, TORCHY! BUT SEEING YOU'S MADE ME FEEL BETTER ALREADY!



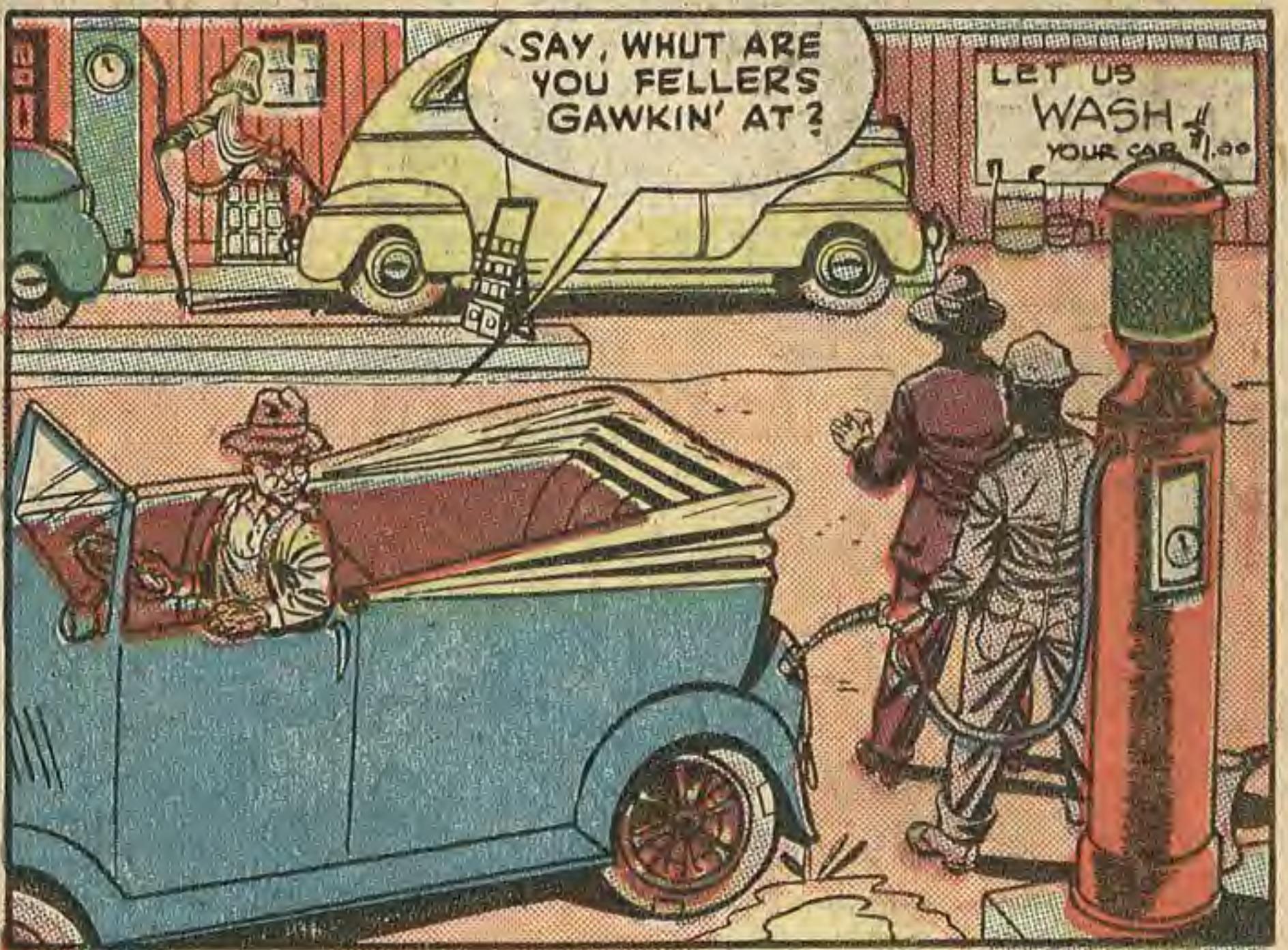
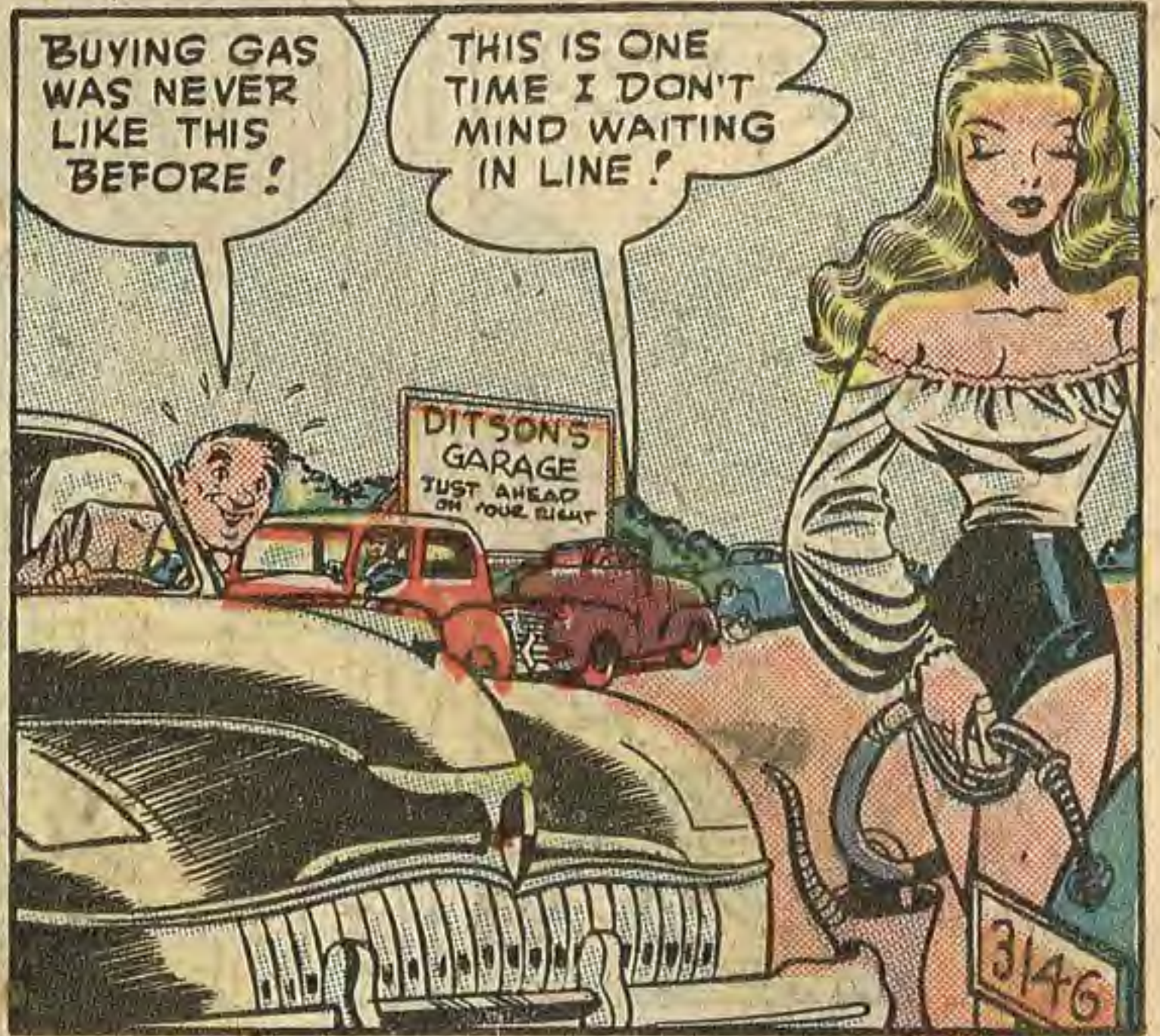
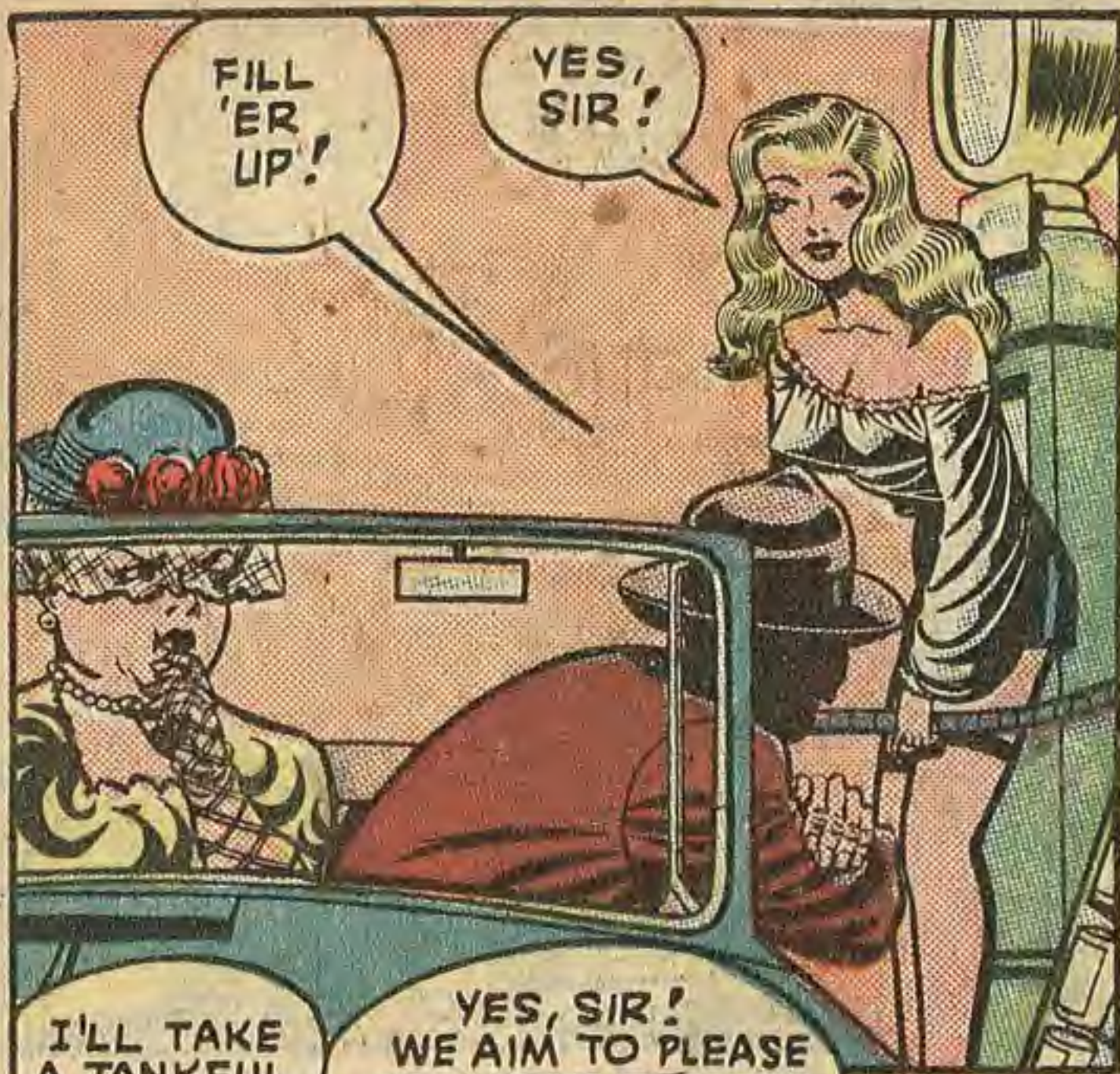
AND NOW THAT I CAN'T EVEN STAY OPEN, DITSON AND HIS BOYS'LL FINISH THE JOB OF STEALING MY LAST FEW CUSTOMERS!

OH, NO THEY WON'T, UNCLE DUDLEY! I'LL SEE TO THAT!













SURE! BUT DO YOU  
LOOK LIKE  
HER?



BUT, SIR, I  
CAN'T GET  
ANOTHER  
DROP OF  
GAS INTO  
THE TANK!

HECK! I  
CAN FIX  
THAT!



HEY... NO  
FAIR!

GOSH!

THERE! NOW...  
POUR GAS!



Meanwhile...

I GOT THE WHOLE THING  
TIMED TO THE SECOND!  
AT SIX O'CLOCK SHARP,  
J.J. DITSON CALLS FOR  
THE DAY'S TAKE AT HIS  
LAST STATION! BY THAT  
TIME, HE'S ALREADY  
PICKED UP THE MONEY  
FROM ALL HIS  
OTHER GAS  
STATIONS!

I  
FOLLOW  
YER  
PERFECT,  
AL!



THIS LAST GAS  
STATION IS THE  
ONE ACROSS FROM  
UNCLE DUDLEY'S!  
IT'S A QUIET PART  
OF TOWN! NOT  
MUCH CHANCE  
OF COPS BEIN'  
AROUND!

SO WE  
WAIT  
UNTIL  
J.J.  
PICKS  
UP THE  
DOUGH  
AND THEN  
STICK HIM  
UP!  
CHECK!



Just before six o'clock...

TEN MINUTES TO SIX! WE  
CAN'T GET THERE TOO  
SOON! IF WE DO, SOME-  
BODY MAY SEE US  
HANGIN' AROUND AND  
BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY  
US LATER!

YOU'RE  
SMART,  
AL!















# BIG BEAR Interlude

**B**IG BEAR! Martha Roberts gazed upon the mountain peak with something akin to awe. It was so beautiful, cloaked in solid white, with a half dozen snow-capped peaks rising above it. San Gorgonio, the Three Sisters, Old Grizzley, Mt. Sam.

"Oh, we'll have a wonderful time!" Martha exclaimed to her father, Dr. Roberts. They stood in front of the little cabin they had rented for a couple of weeks.

Dr. Roberts smiled. He liked to indulge his beautiful daughter, even when press of work made such a vacation most impracticable.

"I want you to have a good time, Martha," he said. "When is Darrel coming up?"

"I don't know for sure. He was rather vague about the time. Is he *very* busy, Dad?"

Roberts smiled. "Very."

"Working for you?"

"Little girls shouldn't ask so many questions?" replied Dr. Roberts, patting Martha's head.

"Then I know he's working for you!" she exclaimed. "Do *you* know when he'll be here?"

Dr. Roberts shook his head. "Not for certain. I can tell you, though, that it will be soon."

Some young people going along the path below their cabin shouted and waved to Martha, and she ran into the house to grab a sweater.

"We're going skating, Dad!" she called, as she trudged down the slope.

Dr. Roberts had fitted up the tiny spare room of the cabin as a makeshift laboratory. At no time did it seem possible for him completely to ignore his work. It was important work—this time experimentation on the cosmic ray.

He went into the little room and shut the door. He could hear the shouts of the young people at their winter sports. He sighed. It was great to be young!

A soft tapping came at the door. "Yes?" called Roberts. The tapping was repeated—a series of dots and dashes that beat out D-A-N-E.

Dr. Roberts opened the door and Darrel Dane stepped inside, hurriedly closing the door again.

"Well?" said the doctor.

"Seems peaceful enough," replied Darrel.

"I haven't been able to uncover a thing hereabouts."

Roberts nodded. "That's good. I hardly expected trouble up here."

Dane looked unconvinced. "But don't relax vigilance, Doctor," he said. "You can never tell. This apparent calm may be a cover for the enemy."

"I know, Darrel, and I shan't relax."

Darrel went to the small window and drew back the heavy curtain. He shook his head. "Wish I could reveal myself and have some fun," he sighed.

"Well, why not?" asked Roberts. "There's probably no reason to——"

"No," said Darrel decisively. "I've been caught before. I'll wait."

Dr. Roberts went on with his work. He knew that Darrel Dane meant just that. He always felt perfectly secure whenever Darrel was on the job—which he was, most of the time. Great fellow, Dane.

Roberts looked up after a moment. "Martha insists that I take one toboggan glide," said he.

"Fine," said Darrel. "Go ahead."

"No, not now," Dr. Roberts answered.

"Later, perhaps."

The big toboggan slide at Big Bear is more than three miles long, and steep. During the last half mile, the toboggan builds up a speed of nearly ninety miles an hour, hits a sharp curve and glides home.

There were eleven waiting for the car when Dr. Roberts walked up to the slide. He greeted Martha. Hastily.

"Would you mind much, honey, if you missed this one?" he asked.

"Why, Dad?"

"It's very important that someone stay by the radio," said Roberts. "Remember, you wanted me to take this glide."

Martha pouted. "But I wanted to go along," she said. "Oh, all right. But you have to ride once with me, too!" she said spiritedly as she started off to the cabin.

As she walked, she thought vaguely that there had been something strange about her father.



Just what it was, she didn't know. Maybe he was deep in his mental gymnastics, she reasoned. His voice, too! But then he was so bunched up in clothes that she couldn't even see his face, let alone hear him distinctly through the muffler!

"Come on!" shouted the gang crowding into the car "The other toboggan has gone five minutes ago. They'll be 'way ahead!"

That was exactly what Dr. Roberts wanted to know. The other car had already gone. He piled into the car and settled down among the furs. The car began moving. It went slowly at first, then picked up speed gradually until it was gliding at thirty or more miles an hour. The crowd yelled and cheered. The air was exhilarating.

The narrow trough in which the car ran was a glassy glare of ice. There was no guiding the car, no slowing it down. Once in that mahogany contraption, you had to wait until it stopped itself.

Dr. Roberts strained his eyes ahead. They had only turned the first corner, and the car was traveling upward of seventy miles an hour. The wind whistled shrilly and the cold was like a frozen hand against the face.

The tall conifers flashed past, making a solid green blur. The young people yelled and screamed.

"Two more curves," said Roberts to himself. "Then——"

A fine sleet shot back past the front of the car that made seeing difficult. It was like buckshot in the face.

They were picking up speed now, roaring up grades and flashing down into deep drops. The blood sang in one's veins.

Then at last they were approaching the last terrific turn. The car was traveling at its top of ninety now. A silence held everyone in the car.

The big moment of the flight had come.

Better handholds were obtained. People snuggled down deeper in their furs.

They hit the beginning of the long turn. The sides of the glide began sloping up—up—until the car was roaring around an almost perpendicular wall.

Dr. Roberts knew that it would be at the end of this turn, if anything was to happen. He braced himself, prepared for a gigantic mental test.

Yes, there ahead. The ice seemed yellowish in color. It could only be spotted if one were ex-

pecting it. The first car had gone safely over this spot several minutes ago.

The front of the car struck the yellowish ice. It seemed gradual at first as it nosed up and began turning turtle. The people screamed and yelled. This wasn't supposed to be in the run. The car left the icy track, turned completely over and shot high into the air.

People were flung out at strange angles, arms and legs flailing.

Nobody saw the tiny mite that shot through the pack of heavier people, made a long graceful arc, and then the white balloon of cloth.

"Dr. Roberts" was not Dr. Roberts at all, but Darrel Dane!—And Darrel Dane, when all eyes were focussed ahead, had quickly become that mighty mite, the Doll Man!

As the car swooped off the oiled tracks into the air, the Doll Man swung at the end of parachute harness and slowly settled into a deep drift.

Only the birds witnessed the tiny man make his parachute landing. He disappeared into the soft snow for a moment, his tiny chute collapsing over him. Then he was climbing up out of the drift.

The Doll Man! In a brief twinkling Darrel Dane, who had been able to impersonate Dr. Roberts by huddling into the doctor's huge fur garments, had become the famed Doll Man. The minute parachute he had carried on his back had not been apparent to anyone in the toboggan. It had served him well.

The drift was light and feathery snow. He noted with alarm that everyone on the toboggan had disappeared. Then he discovered the cause. A red stocking cap showed above a nearby drift, then a boy's head. He was digging out. Others were digging.

That was one thing Darrel Dane had found out before the car left its starting place: the snow drift near the curve was soft, new snow.

No one had been hurt; only shaken up and frightened.

The Doll Man quickly assumed his normal proportions without being noticed and gave a hand at helping some of the girls out of the drift.

He was happy. He had foiled the enemy's attempt to kill Dr. Roberts. Dr. Roberts was safe in a room at the Big Bear Inn. Not even Martha had suspected.

"Oh, no!" she said archly to Darrel. "I did think there was something funny about Dad, especially when he kept his back to me. But I'm glad it was you, Darrel, instead of him."

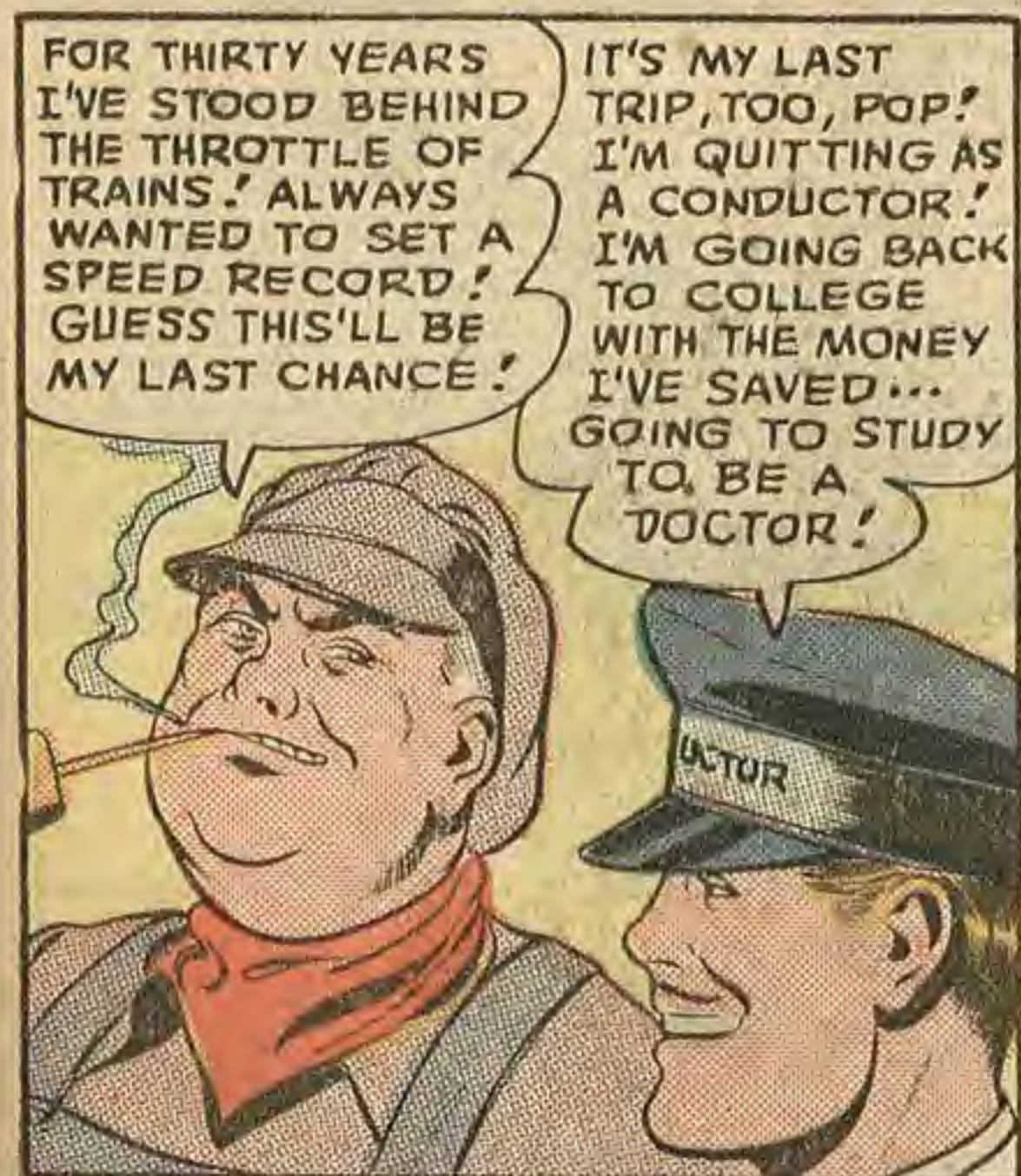
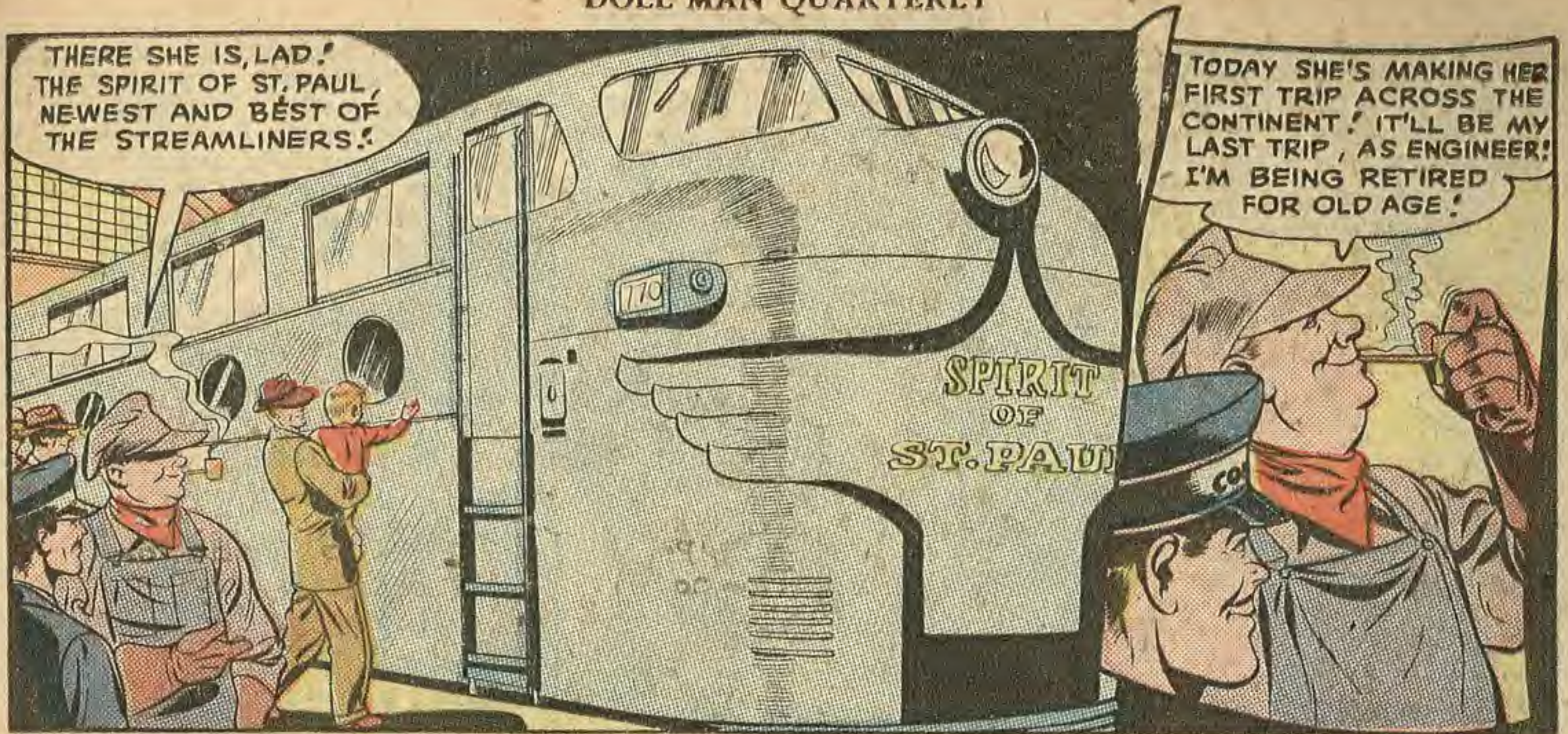


# THE DOLL MAN

Spanning the mighty breadth of a country are ...the railroads! And who knows what adventures accompany a journey on the fabulous **IRON HORSE**? Across the miles sped **THE DOLL MAN**, on a whizzing streamliner ...only to find himself face to face with that solemn savant of crime, "The **UNDERTAKER**!"







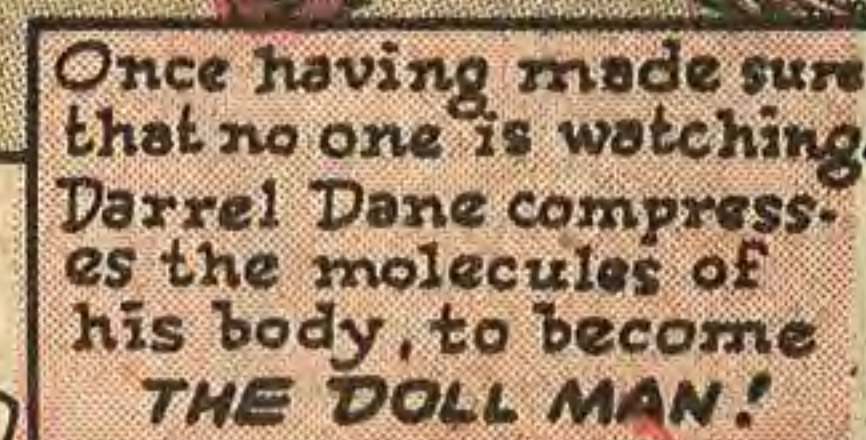
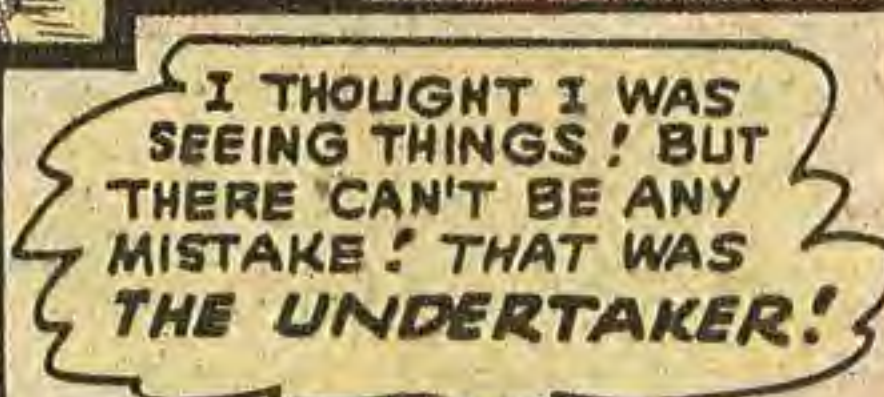




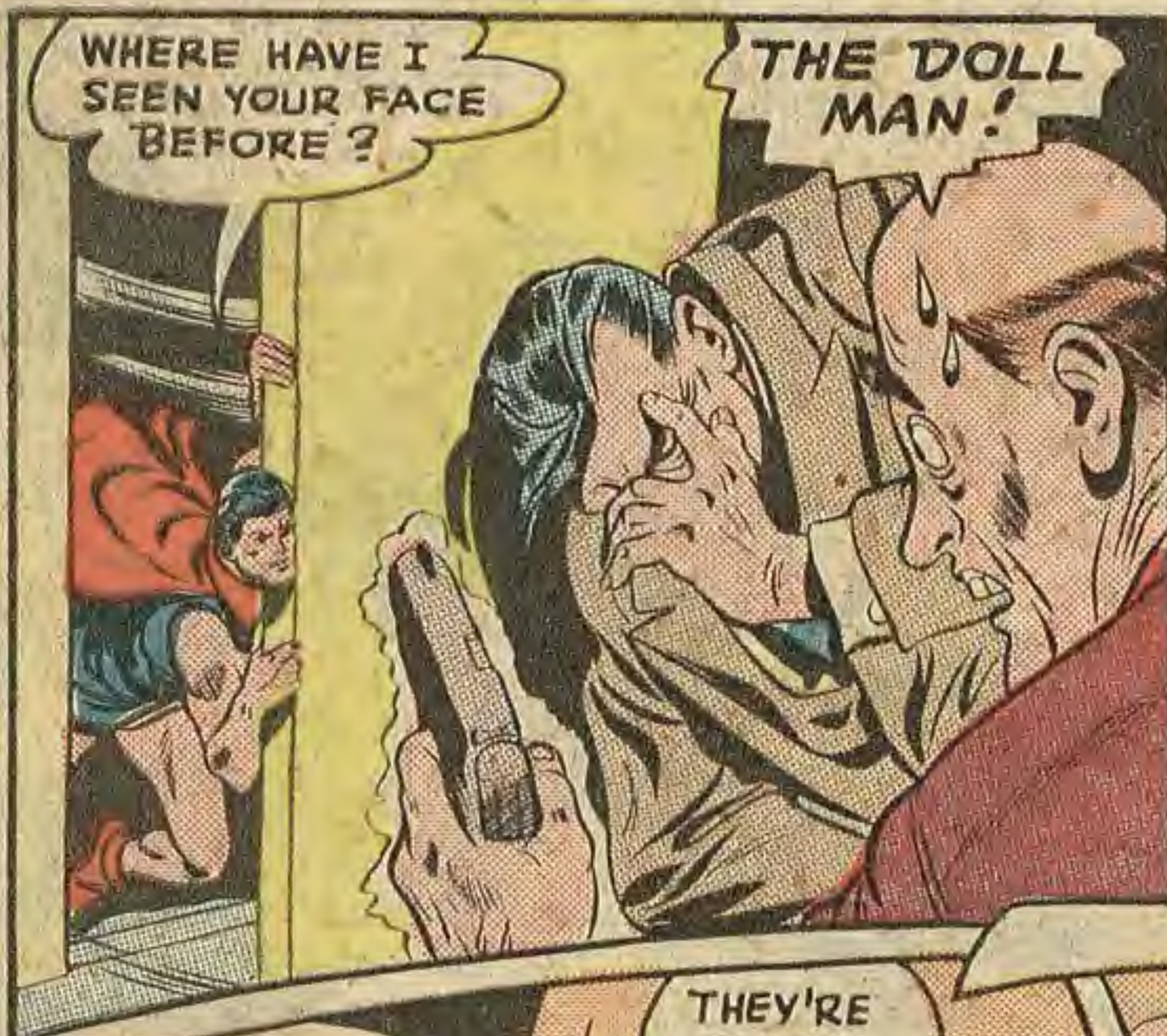
Many lives...many destinies join for a brief while on a hurtling thunderbolt of steel...



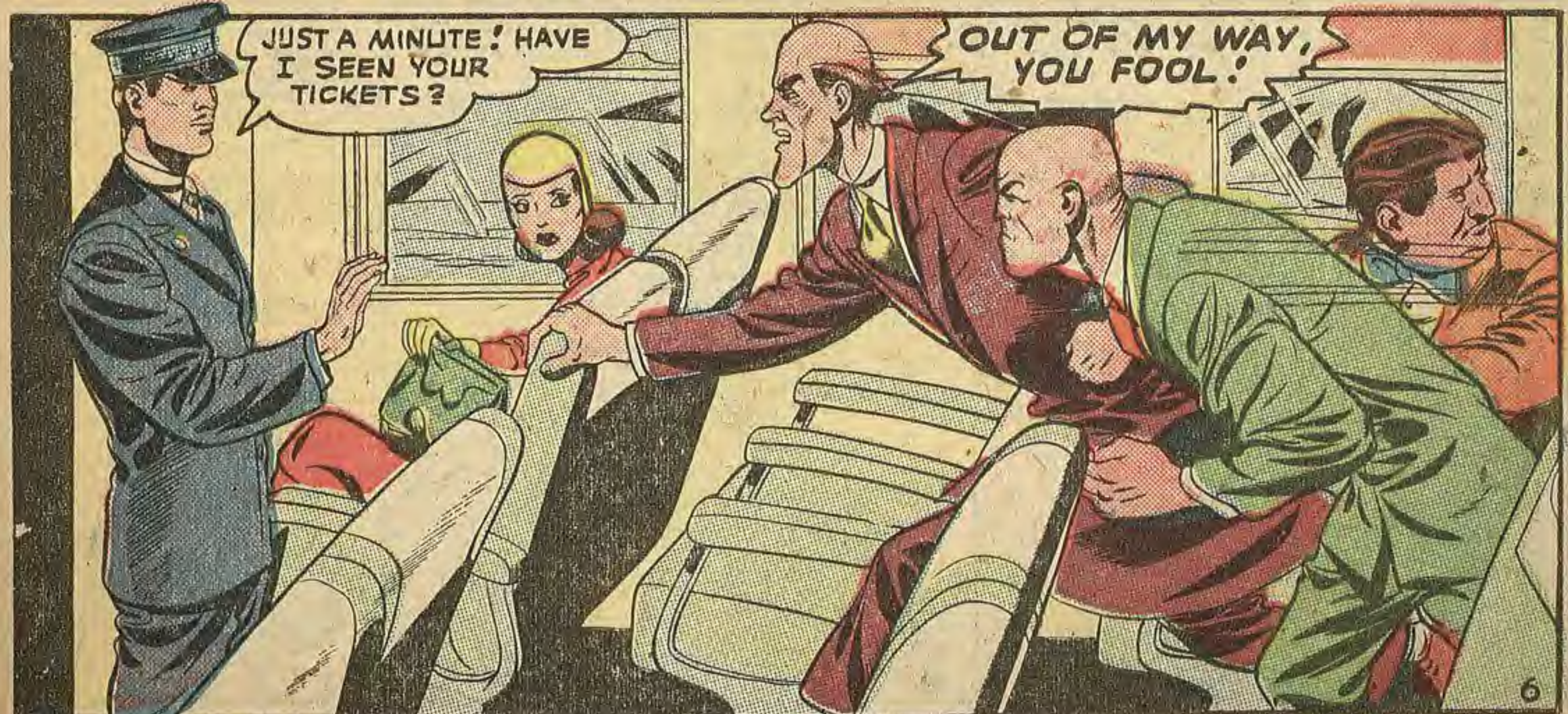
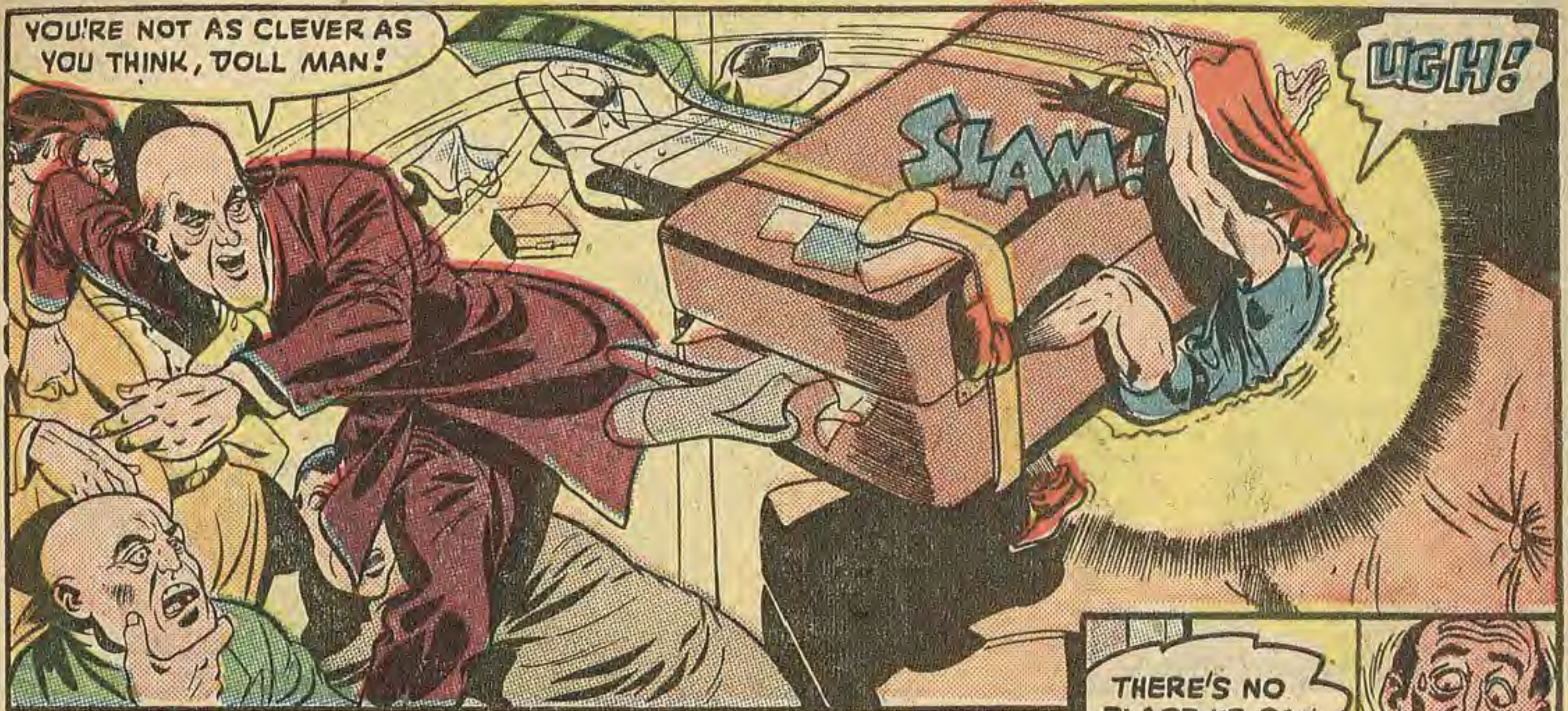










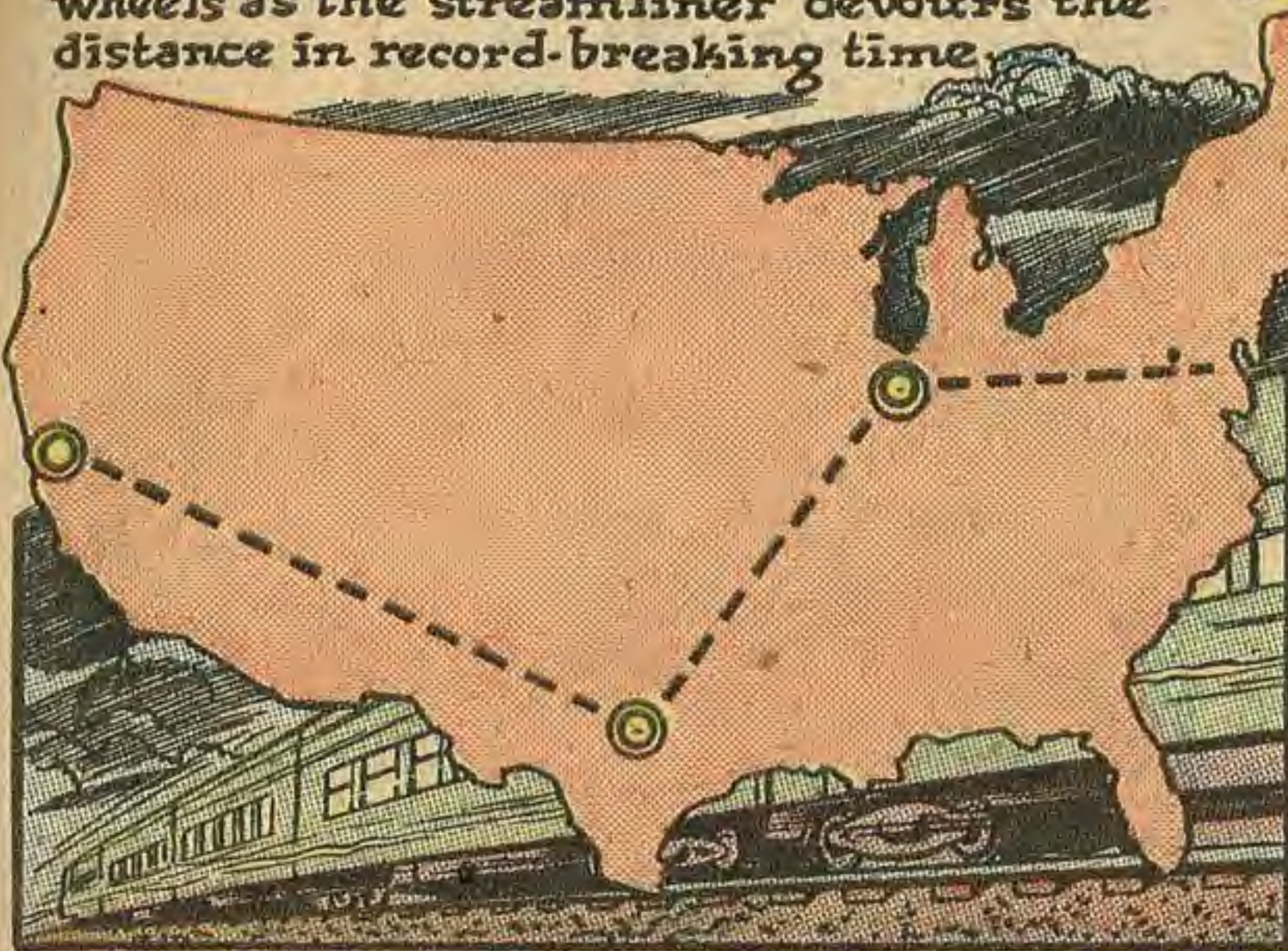








City after city falls behind the thundering wheels as the streamliner devours the distance in record-breaking time.



...but the DOLL MAN does not abandon his hunt ...

I'VE SEARCHED EVERY COMPARTMENT ON THE TRAIN! HE'S NOT IN THE CLUB CAR, THE LOUNGE, THE BARBER SHOP...

HE ISN'T ON THE ROOF OF THE CARS, EITHER!



AND I LOOKED IN THE BAGGAGE CAR, MYSELF! NOTHING THERE BUT A LOAD OF COFFINS!

COFFINS!

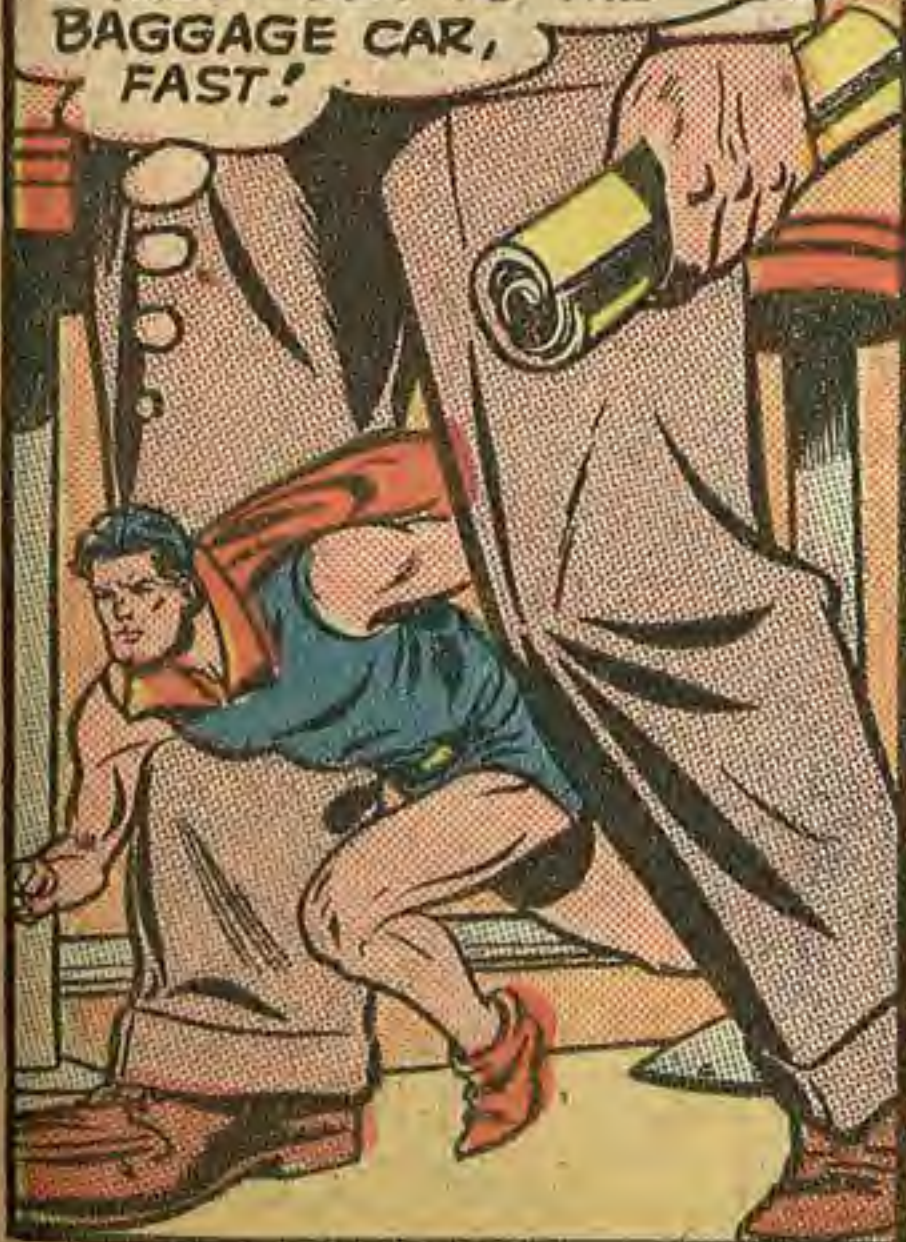


BUT THEY'RE EMPTY! THEY'RE JUST BEING DELIVERED TO ...

IT'S THE PERFECT HIDING PLACE FOR THE UNDERTAKER!



A LOAD OF EMPTY COFFINS! THEY WERE HIDDEN UNDER TARPULINS, OR I'D HAVE NOTICED THEM MYSELF! I MUST GET TO THE BAGGAGE CAR, FAST!



THE COAST IS CLEAR NOW, UNDERTAKER!

GOOD! THEN WE SHALL ATTEND TO BUSINESS AT ONCE!



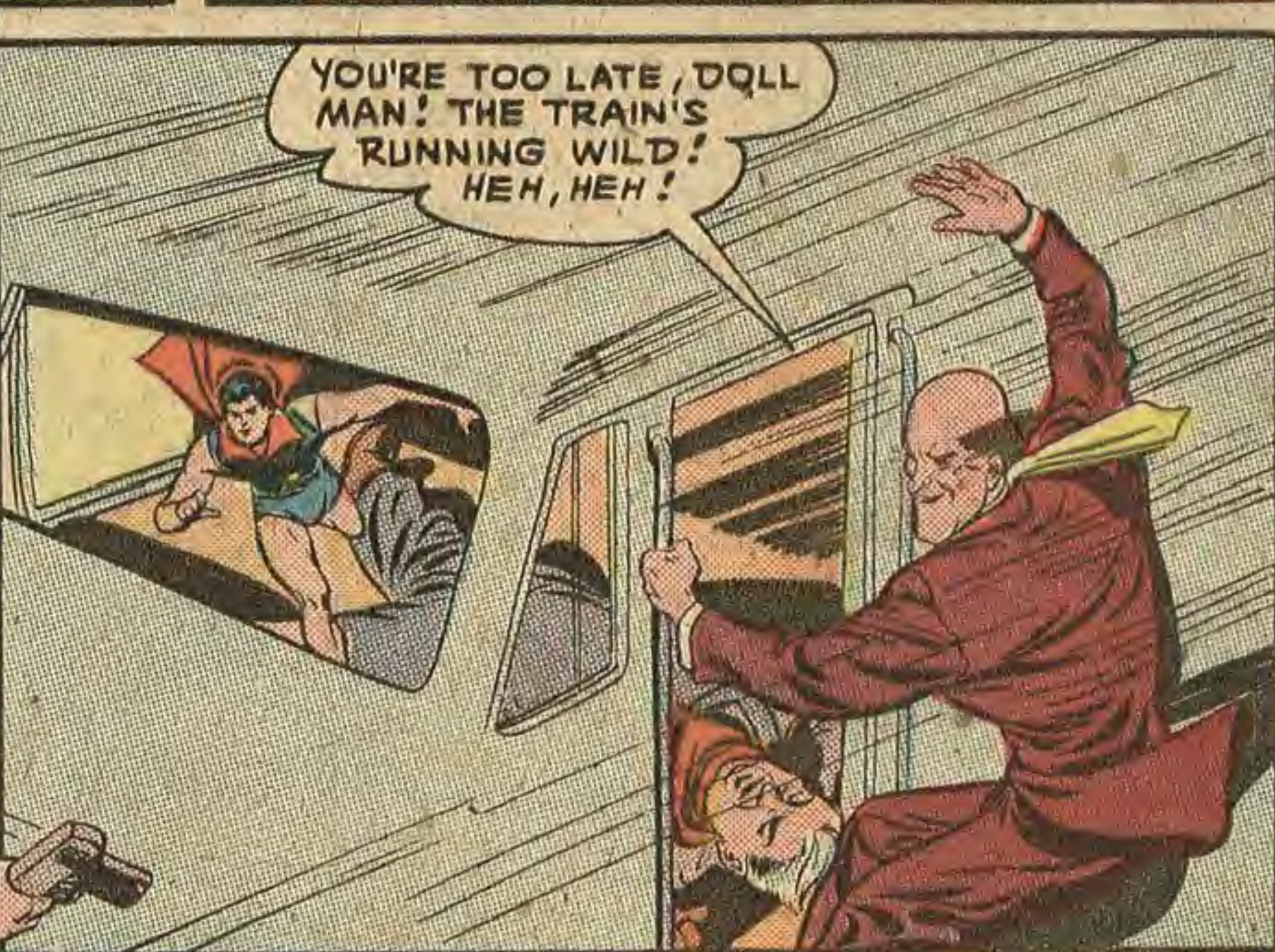
FIRST, YOU'D BETTER ATTEND TO ME!













Plunging toward certain destruction, the streamliner races at full speed towards the bridge over Mammoth River....

THE BRAKES!  
WILL WE SLOW  
DOWN IN TIME?

**SCREEECH!!**

I'M GOING  
TO WRING THE  
UNDERTAKER'S  
NECK!

In the ambassador's  
Compartment....

THE JEWELS!  
YOU HAVE THEM  
WITH YOU?

OF COURSE!  
HERE IN MY BAG!  
DIDN'T WE AGREE  
IT WOULD BE SAFER  
TO LEAVE THEM WITH  
ME WHILE I MADE  
THE TRIP  
INCOGNITO?

NOTHING,  
FORTUNATE-  
LY! WE MADE  
THE CURVE  
ONTO THE  
BRIDGE!  
YOU CAN  
TAKE OVER  
FROM HERE!

WHAT  
HAPPENED?

AN OLD THEORY... BUT A  
GOOD ONE! THIEVES OVER-  
LOOK SUCH A SIMPLE  
HIDING PLACE AS A HAND-  
BAG, MY PRINCESS!

BUT I  
OVERLOOK  
NOTHING!

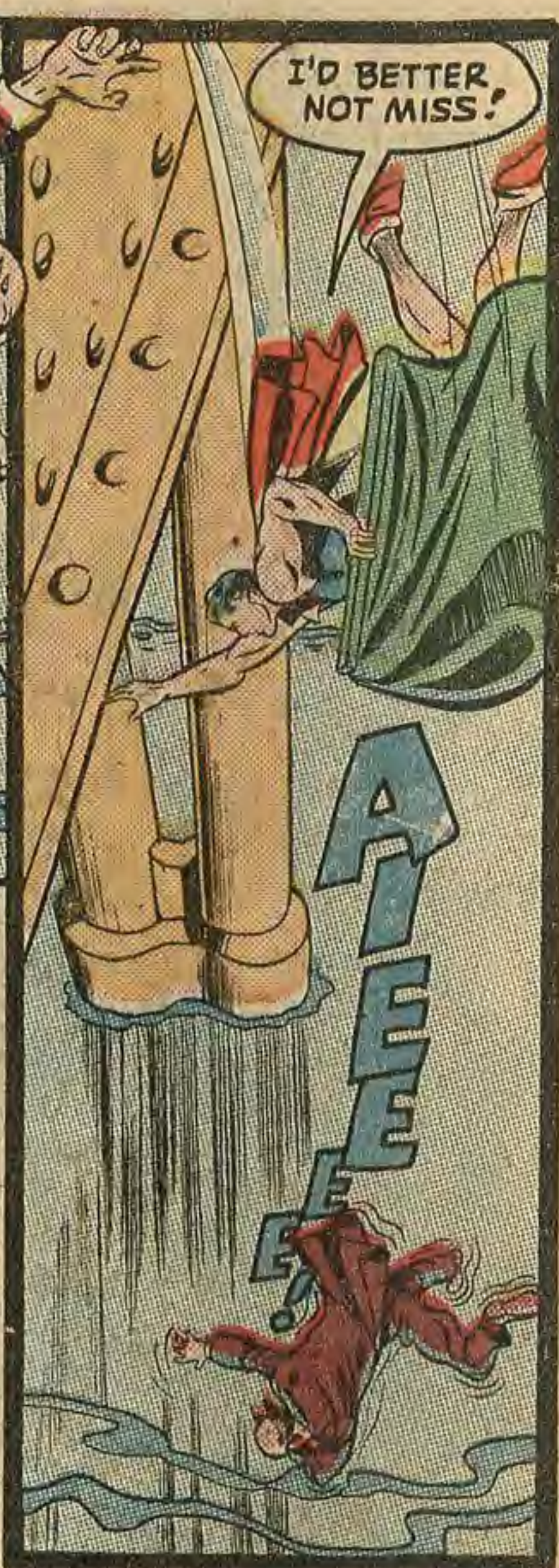
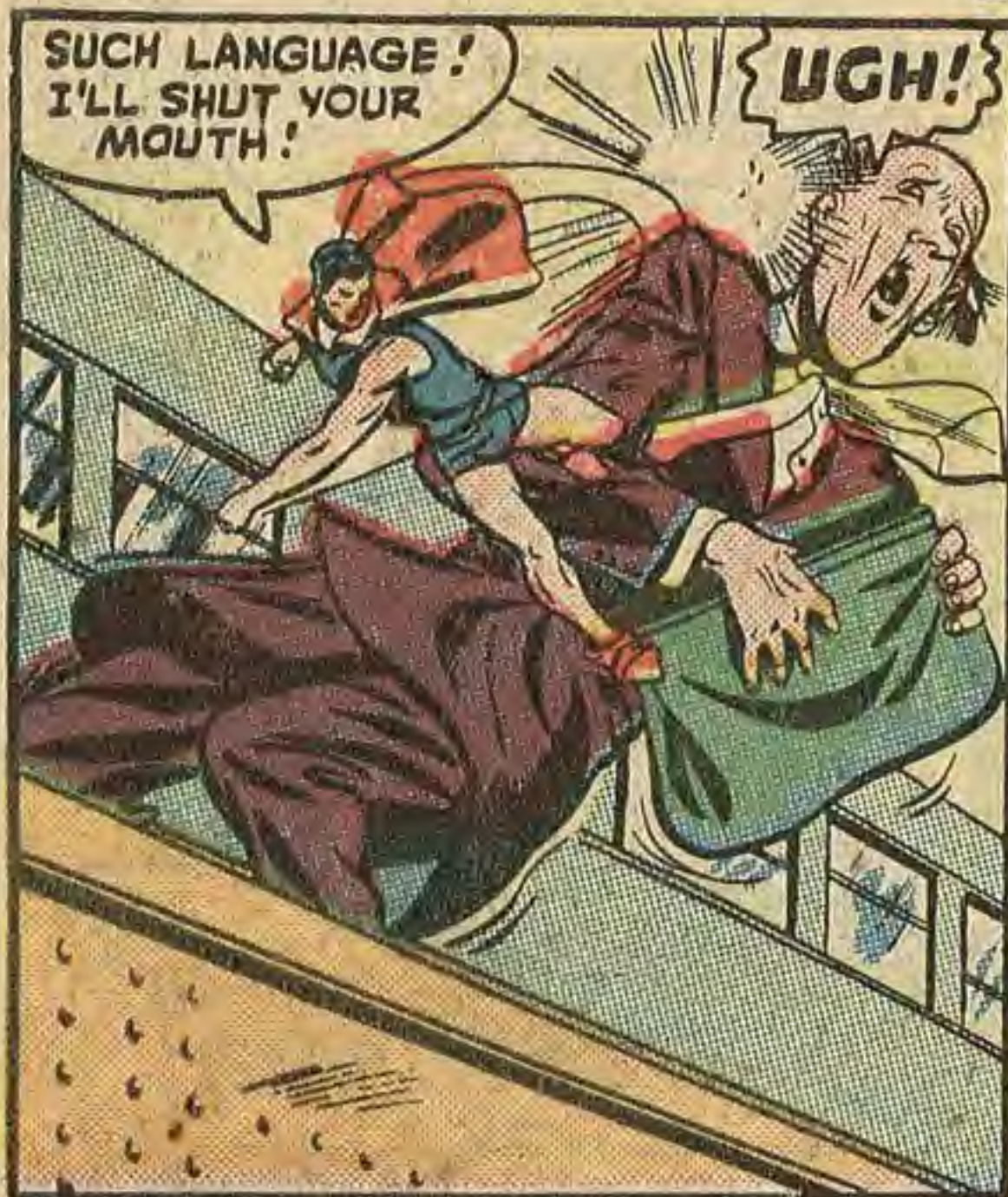
THAT IS WHY THE  
NAME OF THE  
UNDERTAKER  
IS FAMOUS!

**AGHH!**



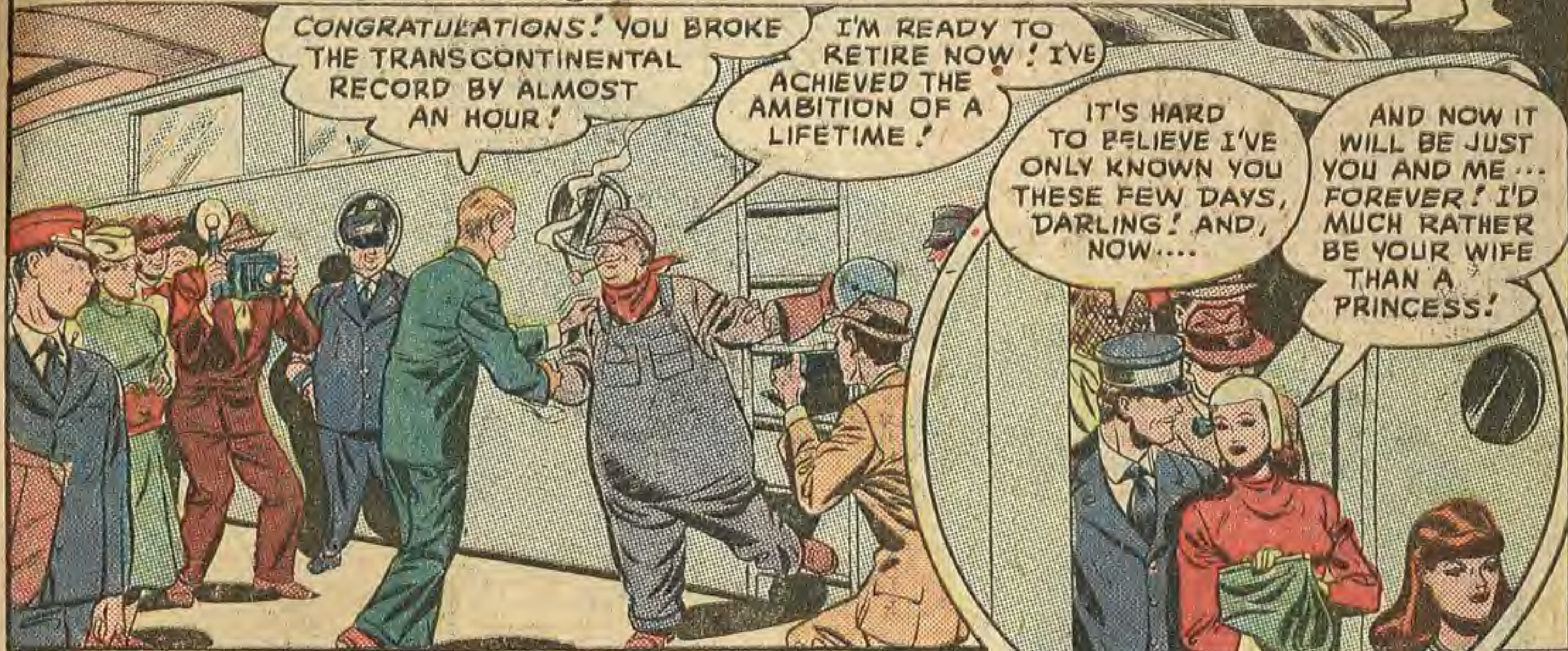








At last: the terminal in a great city... the end of an epochal run....



CONGRATULATIONS! YOU BROKE THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RECORD BY ALMOST AN HOUR!

I'M READY TO RETIRE NOW! I'VE ACHIEVED THE AMBITION OF A LIFETIME!

IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE I'VE ONLY KNOWN YOU THESE FEW DAYS, 'DARLING!' AND, NOW....

AND NOW IT WILL BE JUST YOU AND ME... FOREVER! I'D MUCH RATHER BE YOUR WIFE THAN A PRINCESS!

And there is a surprise for Darrel Dane, alias the DOLL MAN....



DARREL, DARLING!

MARTHA!

I SENT YOU A TELEGRAM ABOUT THAT AWFUL PICTURE IN THE NEWSPAPER! IT WAS A MISTAKE, OF COURSE! TONY IS ENGAGED TO ANOTHER GIRL, BUT THEY JUST HAPPENED TO SNAP MY PICTURE!



YOU DIDN'T REALLY BELIEVE IT WAS TRUE, DID YOU?

WHY... ER... UH... OF COURSE NOT! I RUSHED HOME BECAUSE I... ER... WAS ANXIOUS TO SEE YOU!



HO-HUM! ANOTHER DULL TRIP IS OVER! JUST AS I ALWAYS SAY, NOTHING IS AS BORING AS A LONG TRAIN RIDE!





**Hand Out  
Only 20 Photo  
Enlargement  
Coupons *FREE***

*Nothing to Buy  
Nothing  
to Sell*

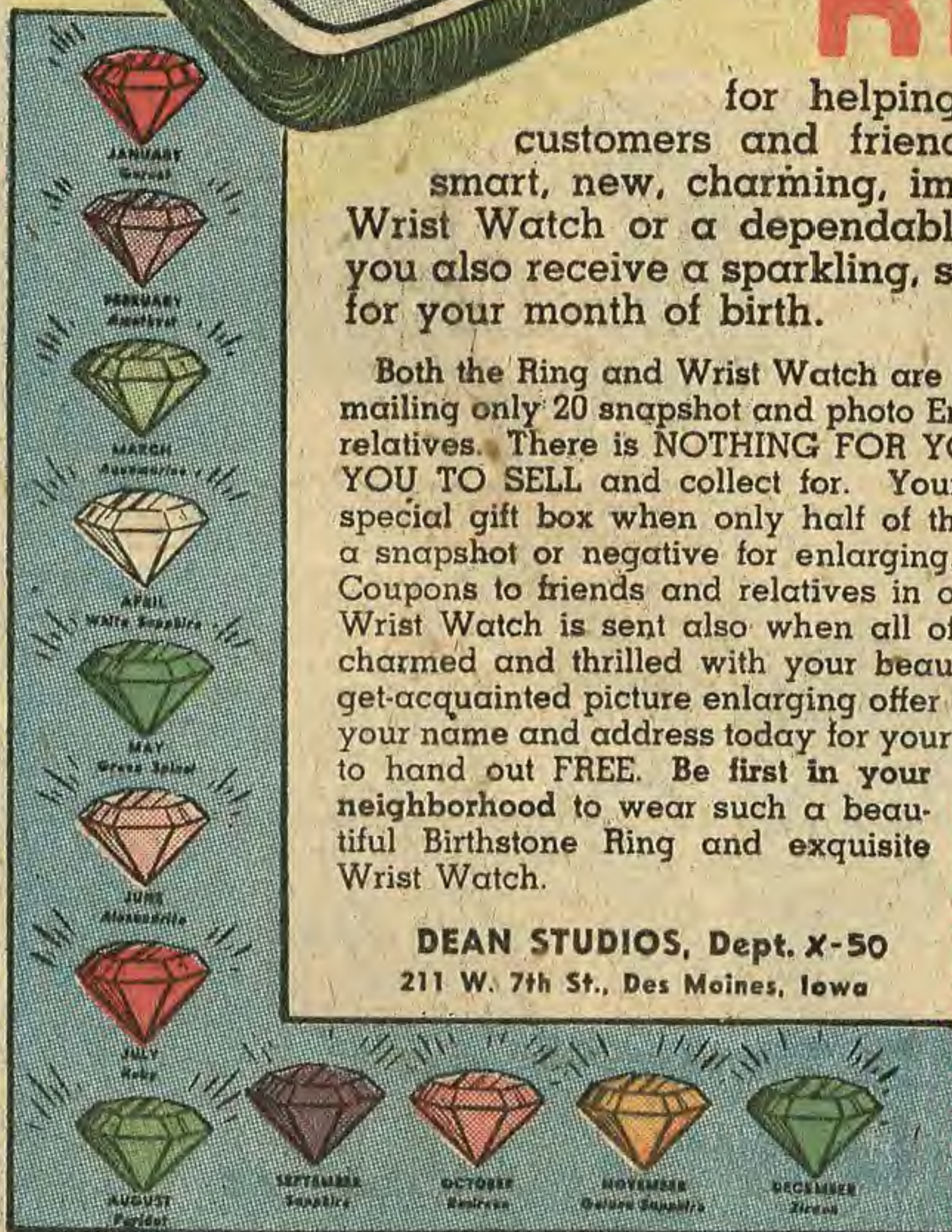


# GIVEN WRIST WATCH PLUS *Sparkling Imitation* BIRTHSTONE RING

Think of receiving both of these wonderful gifts for helping us get acquainted with new customers and friends. You get your choice of a smart, new, charming, imported, Swiss Movement Lady's Wrist Watch or a dependable Man's Wrist Watch. Besides, you also receive a sparkling, simulated Birthstone Ring, correct for your month of birth.

Both the Ring and Wrist Watch are GIVEN for helping us by handing out or mailing only 20 snapshot and photo Enlargement Coupons FREE to friends and relatives. There is NOTHING FOR YOU TO BUY THERE IS NOTHING FOR YOU TO SELL and collect for. Your exquisite Birthstone Ring is sent in a special gift box when only half of the coupons have come back to us with a snapshot or negative for enlarging. You can even mail these Enlargement Coupons to friends and relatives in other towns, if you wish. Your valuable Wrist Watch is sent also when all of the coupons are used, so you will be charmed and thrilled with your beautiful gifts. Each coupon is good on our get-acquainted picture enlarging offer that everyone is happy to receive. Send your name and address today for your 20 get-acquainted Enlargement Coupons to hand out FREE. Be first in your neighborhood to wear such a beautiful Birthstone Ring and exquisite Wrist Watch.

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211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa



Send your name and address today to  
**DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. X-50**  
211 W. 7th St., Des Moines, Iowa.

Name.....

Address or R.F.D.....

City.....

State..... Month  
of Birth.....

☐ Lady's Watch

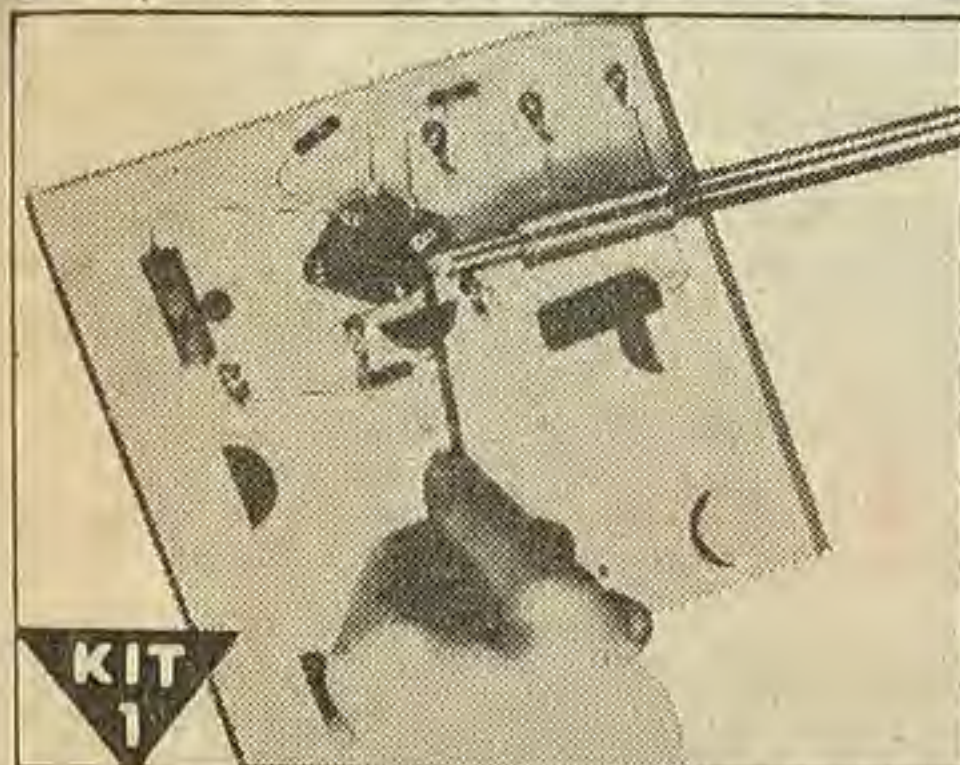
☐ Man's Watch





# I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

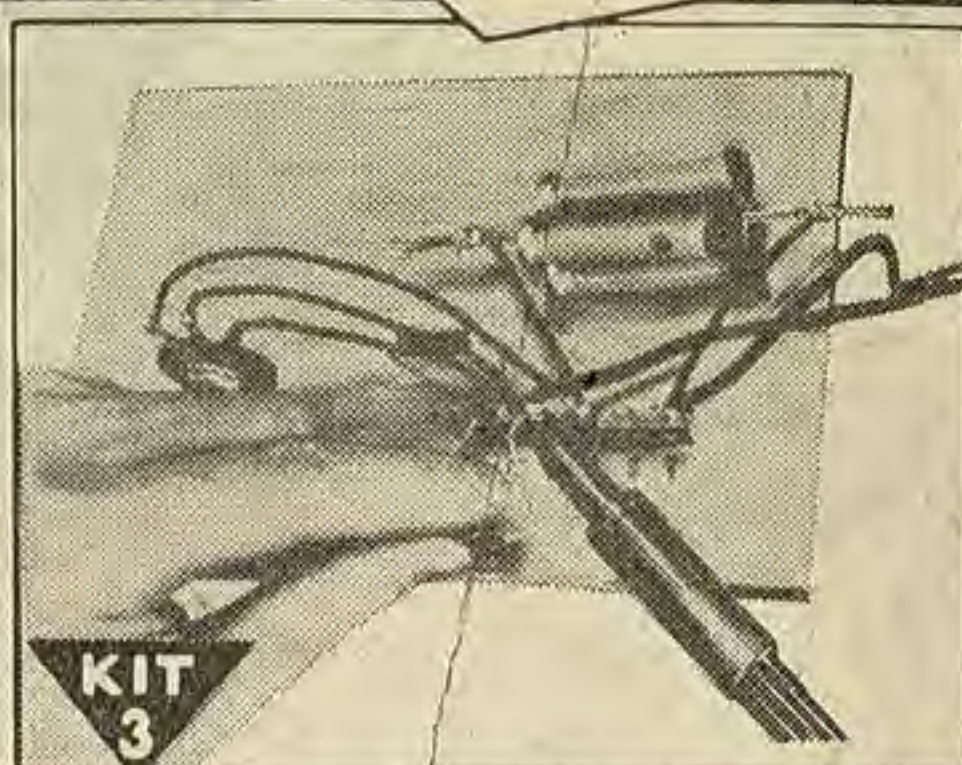
**I Send You  
Big Kits  
of Radio Parts**



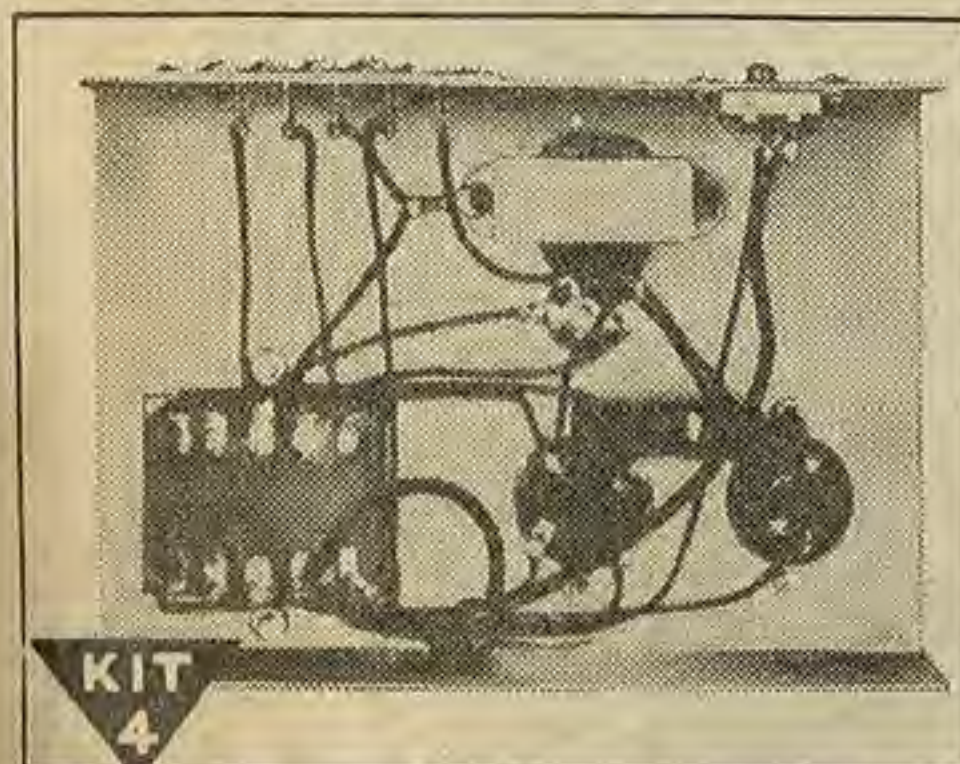
**KIT 1**  
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



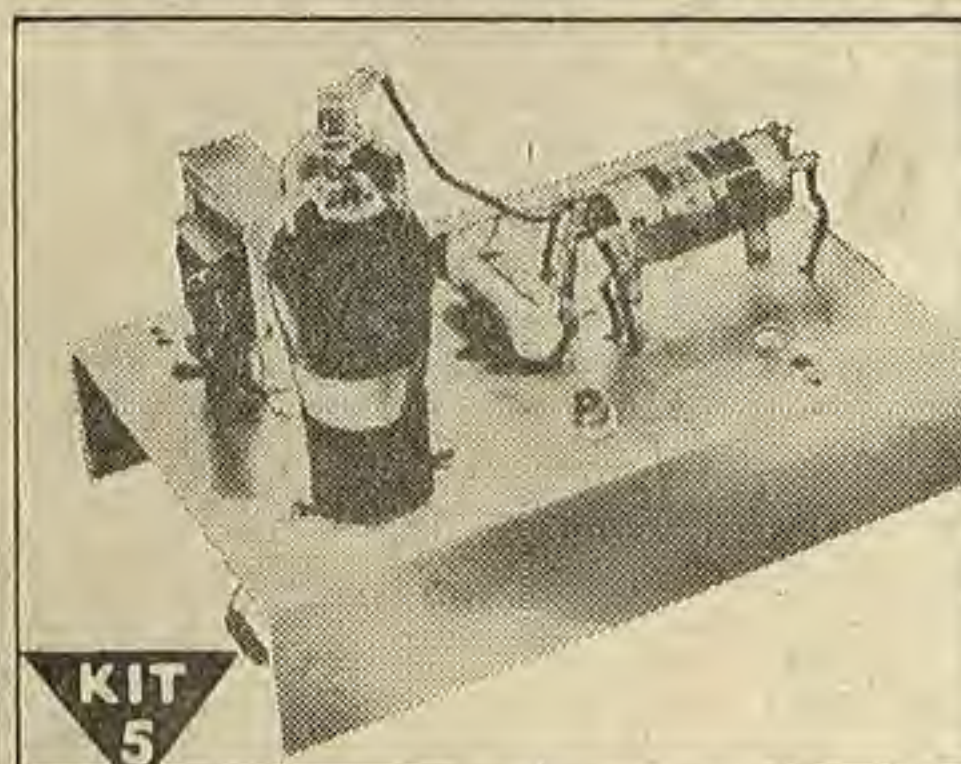
**KIT 2**  
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



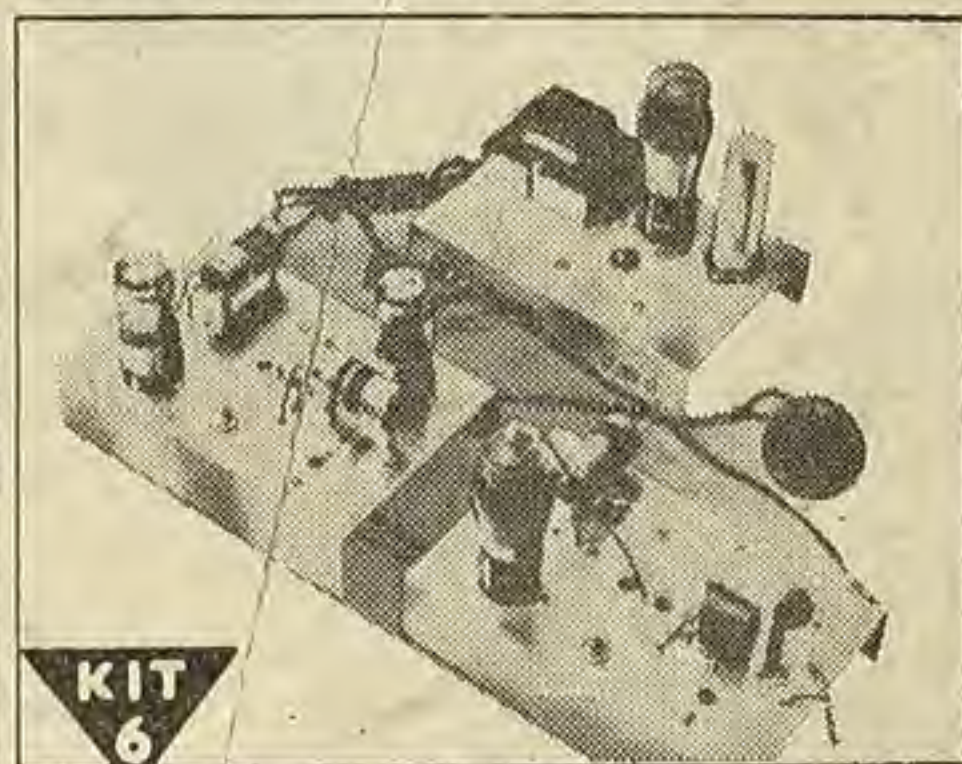
**KIT 3**  
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



**KIT 4**  
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



**KIT 5**  
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



**KIT 6**  
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

## KNOW RADIO—Win Success I Will Train You at Home—SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Do you want a good-pay job in the fast-growing Radio Industry—or your own Radio Shop? Mail the Coupon for a Sample Lesson and my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in RADIO—Television, Electronics," both FREE. See how I will train you at home—how you get practical Radio experience building, testing Radio circuits with BIG KITS OF PARTS I send!

**Many Beginners Soon Make Extra Money in Spare Time While Learning**

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY manuals that show how to make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while

still learning! It's probably easier to get started now than ever before, because the Radio Repair Business is booming. Trained Radio Technicians also find profitable opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work. Think of even greater opportunities as Television, FM, and Electronic devices become available to the public! Send for FREE books now!

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Mail Coupon for Sample Lesson and my FREE 64-page book. Read the details about my Course; letters from men I trained; see how quickly, easily you can get started. No obligation! Just MAIL COUPON NOW in envelope or paste on penny postal.

**J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 8BA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.**

**APPROVED FOR TRAINING UNDER GI BILL**

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**MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 8BA3, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.**

Mail me FREE, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

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City.....Zone.....State.....



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# Prizes for Everyone!

Here's your opportunity to secure any of the premiums shown below (plus many others as they appear in our latest catalog). Simply send for fast selling Garden Spot Seeds. Sell at once to friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the money collected and select your prize in accordance with our offers. **SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU.**

**FOR BOYS AND GIRLS**

## CANDID TYPE CAMERA



Fixed Focus, eye level view finder, 16 exposures. Beautiful Black case.

Yours for selling two 40-packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.

## Blue Bird COOKING SET

5 piece set. Durable. A welcome addition to any kitchen.

Sell only 40 packets of Garden Spot Seeds.



**FOR MEN AND WOMEN**

## Full Size UKULELE



Easy to play. . . Instruction Sheet included. Sell only 40 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds.

## BASKET BALL

Rubber Valve type bladder. Lacing needle and lace included.

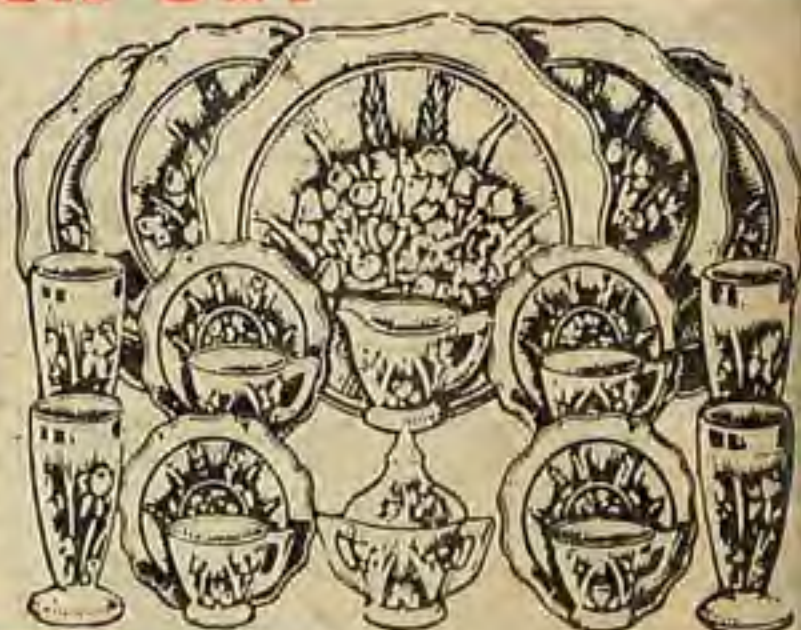
Yours for selling two 40-packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.



## Exquisite DINNER SET

. . . Nineteen pieces of latest fashion dictated pieces.

Sell only two 40 packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.



Sent Express Collect

## PRIZE TYPEWRITER



Yours for selling only 40 Pkts. of Seed

WE WILL PAY TOTAL OF \$10 FOR BEST, NEATEST, NICEST COMPOSED LETTERS WRITTEN ON THIS MACHINE AND SENT TO US BY JULY 1, 1948

## SCHOOL OUTFIT

Self filling Fountain Pen, Mechanical Pencil, School Bag, and Webster Dictionary all for selling only 40 pkts. of Seed.



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Dependable & faithful companion. Pull-out pend-ent set. \* (Supply Limited) Sell 40 packets of Garden Spot Seeds.



## ROLLER SKATES



Sturdy Type. Ball Bearing . . . Built for Fun and Hard Usage.

Sell only two 40 pkt. orders of Garden Spot Seeds.

Steel rod, sturdy 50 yard capacity reel, medium weight spool, tested line, 6 hooks and 2 lead sinkers, attractive cork float and metal lure.



Sell only 40 packets of Garden Spot Seeds.

## WRIST WATCHES

Choice Models for Men, Women, Boys and Girls. Guaranteed by Nationally known manufacturers. Reliable.

Yours for selling two 40 packet orders of . . . Garden Spot Seeds.



\* SUPPLY LIMITED . . . All watches are offered subject to our ability to get delivery from the manufacturers.

## THIS BOOK REWARD YOURS AS A . . . FOR ANSWERING THIS AD



26 page Book of Parlor Puzzlers . . . fun for Children and Grown-Ups. Will be sent right along with the seeds.

**MAIL COUPON NOW**

**41st YEAR**

LANCASTER COUNTY SEED COMPANY  
Station 451, Paradise, Penna.

Please send me 40 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10c a pkt. for a fine prize. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Include the Free Book of Parlor Puzzlers.

Check here ☐ for 80 packets if you want to sell for a "2-order" premium.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

POST OFFICE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

STREET OR R.F.D. \_\_\_\_\_ BOX \_\_\_\_\_

PRINT YOUR NAME PLAINLY BELOW

Save 2 cents by filling in, posting and mailing this coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY.